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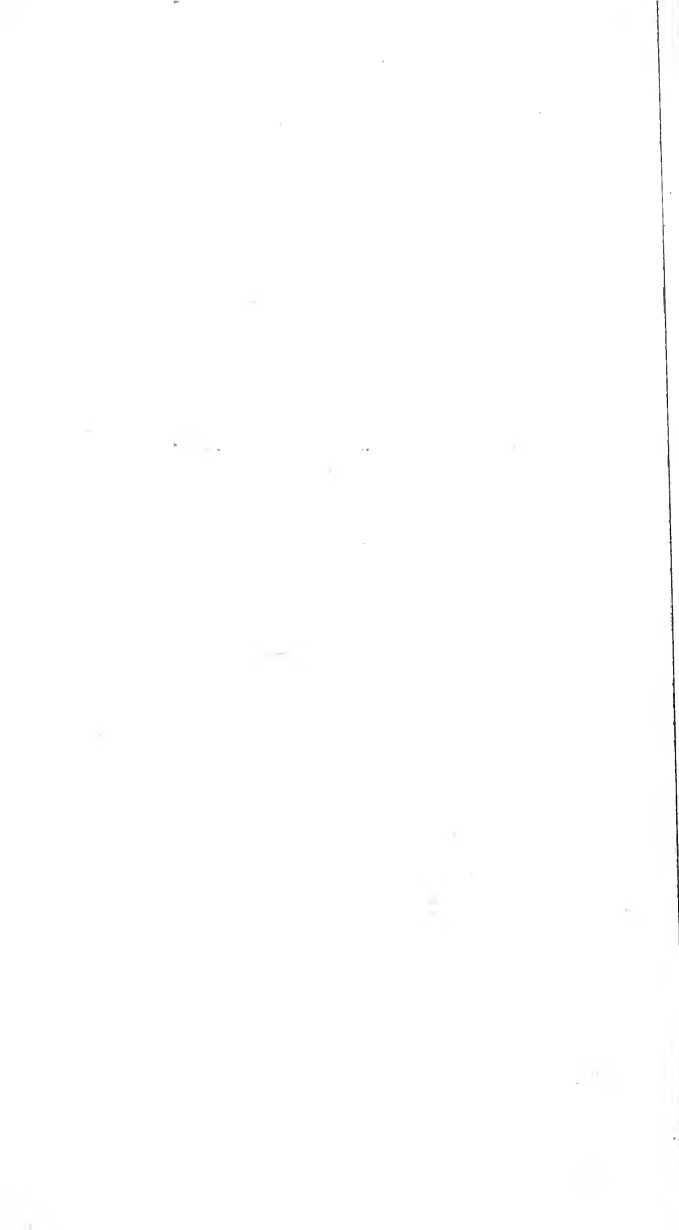
W A R:

A N

H E R O I C P O E M.



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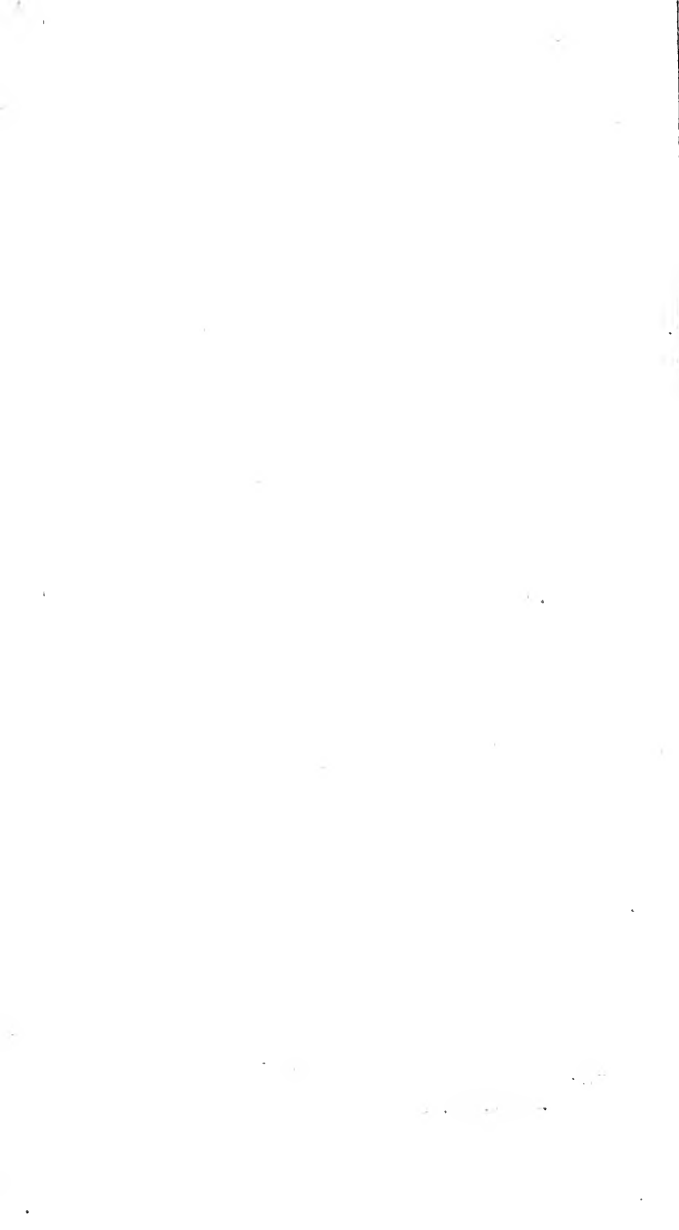
W A R :
AN
HEROIC POEM.

FROM THE
Taking of Minorca by the French,
TO THE
Raising of the Siege of Quebec, by
General Murray.

By GEORGE COCKINGS.



L O N D O N :
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Church-yard. M.DCC.LX.





THE

P R E F A C E.

3. 60
R
EADERS, of whatever rank, or denomination, if ye shou'd receive any pleasure from, and approve the following lines, as to their general design, it is the summit of my ambition. I am no writer by profession, but at my leisure hours, wrote the siege of Louisbourg, in the winter of 1758: to amuse myself, and friends; and had no thoughts of printing it. But in the great and ever memorable year of fifty-nine, so repeated, and rapid, were our conquests, both by sea and land, in Europe, Africa, and America; so often came news of our successes from every part, (like gunpowder when
a 3 touch'd

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touch'd by the match,) my fancy took fire ! the rapt'rous joy grew too great to be contain'd within bounds ! and I thought among the rest, I wou'd add my share of applause, and strive to register in the book of fame, the heroic actions perform'd by our troops and tars. I therefore assum'd my pen, and compleated the following poem : and being at length perswaded by some gentlemen, (to whom I repeated it,) I have ventur'd it in the press, and submit it to the public censure, from which there is no appeal ; and I hope they will look favourably on it, and not chill the ardour of my genius, by a severe criticism ; this being the first essay I ever dar'd offer to the public inspection. Many faults, doubtless, may be found in the poem ; for I, perhaps, (like a tender mother, fond of her own offspring,) view it with partial prejudice ; and as she can see fire, in a dull, languid eye, beauty, in a rustic freckled face, and symmetry even in distorted limbs ; I fondly fancy a poetic fire glides thro' every part of it ; think
those

those lines run smooth, and fall with a proper cadence, which perhaps are rough and dissonant; and tho' I should fancy a just proportion even in all its parts; where I think it most compleat, to others it may seem the most deficient. For the best Gallic cooks, tho' they are so universally admir'd, cou'd never yet, send a dish to table, so elegantly compos'd, as to please the palate of every feeder. How then can I, unnotic'd and unknown, without a patron, and unacquainted in this part of England, and without the additional weight of years on my side: I say, (all these circumstances consider'd,) how can I expect to give a general satisfaction, to the warriors, the wits, the scholars, and the men of sense; and to every other class of readers, whose sentiments, doubtless, will not run concordant with my own. But I have done all I can to give satisfaction, and rouse a spirit of emulation in every reader. And if on the perusal, any gentleman, that shall find I have made any material omissions, will be so good as to leave

me a notice of it at Mr. John Cook's, book-feller, behind the Chapter-House, St. Paul's Church-yard, and directed for me: if ever I shou'd be favour'd by the public approbation so far, as to print a second impression, he may depend it shall be inserted, shou'd the hint be suitable to the design of my poem. But if it is a hint dictated by a party spirit, he may save himself the trouble, and depend it shall never be inserted. For my intention is not to calumniate any man, nor even to write a true narration of what any particular persons may have done amiss, thro' cowardice, inadvertency, inexperience, incautious confidence in others promises, pride, or the like. Neither do I meddle with the interest of the two opposing parties, in Great Britain and Ireland. But my sole design is this; (fir'd by a love of my country! and a generous esteem for all who have fought, bled, or dy'd for my country's cause!) to exert my utmost efforts, to inroll in the list of fame their names; to call them forth in the fairest point of view; and dress their amazing ac-
tions!

tions ! in all the elegance of harmonious numbers, and poetic truth ! to warm the heart of him that fought and lives ! to give a just, deserv'd encomium, on the worthy warring dead ! and inspire with heroic sentiments the soul of every youth which reads, and hath not yet been reaping the honourable harvest of martial glory !

He who governs his people with Regal Lenity, and Paternal fondness : Those who hazard their Royal Persons in battle for their country's welfare : the Ministers, and Patriots, that nobly plan Her warlike schemes ; who firmly stem the tide of opposition, which wou'd break down ; and over-run the bounds of her happy constitution ; with all those who draw the sword in Britannia's quarrel, whether Englishmen, Caledonians, or Hibernians, and carry their patriot schemes, dreadfully, into a wasting execution ! All such as these demand duty, allegiance, and a generous acknowledgment of every heart, sensibly touch'd with a due sense of their Kingly care ! successful plans ! and heroic performances !

ances! and such a King, such Princes; Patriots, and Ministers, has England got. And such warriors we have, in the Royal Navy, and Army of Great Britain, that common sense and gratitude, bid us revere them! and speak of their great merits in the most exalted strain! and so long as I write, I shall always bestow my encomiums on those, who plan my country's good, preserve peace, and amity, so much as possible in the land; fight her battles, and pour destruction on her inveterate foes. These I say, shall employ my tongue, to sing their fame, and give them due honours, of what country or party soever: for he that does the nation good, deserves a grateful acknowledgment of the same.

I have, as well as I can, thro' the whole poem, preserv'd a continu'd narration of the events, as they happen'd; yet I cou'd not avoid interjecting some things, where they scarce seem'd to claim a place: but as I thought they scarce deserv'd discussion by themselves, I did it to avoid a fruitless repetition of sieges, surrenders, attacks and skirmishes, and to keep the

the poem from swelling to too great a bulk. I mean those places in Africa, the Indies, &c. placing the time of their reduction, mostly at the time when the armaments sailed from hence, destin'd against them ; tho' in reality, they fell long after, beneath the heavy battle of those tars, and troops, which sailed thither, arm'd with angry Britain's vengeance ! For it was in less compass than three years, the plans were form'd, and carried into execution, against Louisbourg, the Continent, and Quebec : against Maloes, Cherburg, and the Gallic fleets ; and all the other expeditions against our enemies in Africa, &c. So that I scarce knew how to digest the whole into a regular narration, and not vary in a point, as to the time of the events ; and therefore I thought proper to throw in together the attacks and reductions of Guadaloup, Senegal, Granada, St. Martin's, Marigalante, Surat, Chandernagore, Calcutta, and the Nabob twice defeated ; under the command of Watson, Pocock, Moore, Clive, Draper, Marsh, Keppel, Mason, Barrington, Sayer, &c. &c. &c. These I therefore reckon'd up in the first of the poem, when I mention'd

tion'd Great Britain rousing to battle; Her armament for war, and pouring Her victorious troops round about on every side; since it was near about the same time they sail'd from England; and I hope as I have mention'd such events happen'd, and under such Commanders, it will pass without undergoing a severe criticism. Whilst General Wolfe, Admiral Saunders, &c. are beleaguering, and attacking Quebec; I have likewise mention'd by way of episode, what General Amherst, General Johnson, &c. &c. &c. achiev'd on the Continent; tho' perhaps, some of it was done long before: but I scarce knew a place, in which I cou'd insert it more conveniently; and I hope the learned Chronologer will let me escape, without passing too harsh a censure on that passage. And if I shou'd have transgress'd the rules of narration, in a series of such great events, or deviated from the most exact niceties, which some people may imagine a work of this nature requires, I hope the generality of my readers, of candour, sense, and learning, will put a favourable con-

construction on it, and consider I am but young, am no more than man; and therefore very liable to great errors; and what a vast undertaking, for a youth's first essay I have now in hand.

I don't pretend to be a first rate poet; perhaps may never deserve the title of a poet. But I am conscious of my writing truth without flattery; unadorn'd with poetic fiction, (which like a nauseous daubing on a beautiful face, hides the sweet attractive smiles, and native simplicity of the features :) and I design'd the poem for the honour of my King and Country. And if my circumstances wou'd have permitted that waste of time, and paying for paper, and the press, without any thing for it, it wou'd have been printed long since; for I have delay'd it some time, on account of getting subscribers; and have been favour'd with the approbation and subscription of some hundreds. I wish I cou'd keep pace in smooth lines, and a nervous diction, with all the heroic actions perform'd
by


by the matchless warriors of the three nations; whose circumspection in looking out for our enemies, and conduct and undaunted bravery in the day of battle, no pen can flatter. But this is a thing only to be wish'd, and not to be perform'd by the most arduous application of the great admirer of their deeds.

GEORGE COCKINGS.





T H E
A R G U M E N T.

HILST others (in heroic, lofty verse)
Great Fred'rick's name and Fred'rick's
praise rehearse,

Mine be the task the English war to sing,
Great Britain's heroes, and Great Britain's king.
By arms and battles gloriously inspir'd,
(Replete with joy, with rapt'rous ardour fir'd)
I trace grim death, and our triumphant bands,
Thro' Indian, African, and Gallic lands ;
Where Englishmen, at martial glory's call,
Throng to the war, and scourge the plotting Gaul!
There Caledonians, (dreadful in their arms!)
Rush fearless on, 'midst battle's loud alarms:
Thro' ranks of bay'nets, pikes, and hostile flame,
They hew the glorious path, to deathless fame!
Hibernians brave! with emulating glow!
Charge, pierce, repel, and chase the vanquish'd foe!

O'er ocean's space, my fancy wings its way;
 Where GEORGE, the second, rules with sov'reign
 fway:

Thro' Neptune's realm, pursues our dauntless tars,
 'Midst bluft'ring storms, and dreadful naval wars!
 The genius of the nation, rous'd once more,
 With vengeful thunder arm'd, they shake the Gal-
 lic shore!

GEORGE, WILLIAM, EDWARD, swell the lofty strain;
 GEORGE, who commands upon the azure main.
 Like these, the lordly lions speed their way;
 The sire first roars, then sends his cubs to prey,
 Next these stands rank'd the skillful Ligonier!
 In battle brave! and to his sov'reign dear!
 At Dettingen, (like Hector in the field,)
 Hibernia's boast; Britannia's faithful shield!
 Fierce in assault! (when young) matur'd w'th age,
 A hoary hero! and a warlike sage!
 Our patriots names, and merits, I proclaim,
 To decorate the great heroic theme!
 Who stand unshock'd, amidst the glorious cause:
 The Gallic dread! the props of British laws.

Their

Their souls, their sentiments, and their desires,
 Incorporate, and mix like two bright flaming fires.
 Boscawen, Amherst, Hawke, (our Bulwark strong,)
 Clive, Monckton, Saunders, grace the martial song!
 Brave Townshend's worth I sing: who fiercely
 fought!

And seiz'd the palm, a dying victor fought!
 There Barrington, with Murray, brightly shines!
 Marshall, Mason's, Sayer's names adorn the lines!
 Holmes, Hardy, Watson, Pocock, honour claim,
 Who gain'd in distant lands immortal fame!
 Baird, Howe*, Speke, Lockhart, Keppel, are in-
 roll'd,

Rivals in fame, and naval warriors bold!
 All who engag'd, where Hawke to conquest flew,
 Are register'd, with their encomiums due.
 With those, whose arms, the burnish'd broad
 swords wield;

Macpherson, Fraser, Howe†, the terrors of the field!
 Burton, whose soul is full of active zeal!

* Lord Howe, Capt. of his majesty's ship *Magnanime*.

† Col. Howe, who cleared the path, and dislodged the guards on the hill near Quebec; and when the two armies engaged covered the left flank and rear with his light infantry, from all attempts made by the French, Indians, and Canadians.

Dalling, and Ince, who fought for Britain's weal.
 Each foldier signaliz'd, each daring tar !
 (The light'nings! and the thunderbolts of war!)
 Thro' glory's paths, I ardently pursue!
 But only write, what they alone can do.
 Like radiant Sol, when at meridian height,
 The heroes blaze with self-refulgent light.
 I sing how Wolfe, the faithless foe engag'd!
 How, where he led, the battle fiercely rag'd!
 The havoc of his war! the mould'ring walls!
 Quebec's, Cape Breton's fate; the conquer'd
 Gauls !

His warlike deeds, no doubt, you'll all approve,
 Whom vanquish'd foes admire! and conq'ring
 Britons love !

By bloody toils, he earn'd, on hostile ground,
 That honour great; with which his mem'ry's
 crown'd !

In Britain's cause, (amid the martial strife,)
 He fought! he conquer'd! and resign'd his life!
 So Sampson flung proud Dagon's temple down!
 Gain'd glorious death! and conquest! and renown!



W A R:

A N

H E R O I C P O E M.



YE patriots sage! who plann'd the
deep designs
Of war: 'midst which Britannia
dreadful shines!

(On whom she leans, with great exulting glow!
Where'er you point, she strikes the wasting blow!)
Ye mighty warriors! terrors of the world!
By whom, at land, and sea, our thunder's hurl'd!
To you this book is sent, with filial fear;
Craves soft'ring smiles; and begs paternal care.
You, who like David's worthies, round the throne
Of mighty GEORGE, form a tremendous zone!

From

From you the transports flow ! 'tis you inspire !
 As blust'ring winds to flame blow latent fire !
 From you I caught the great resistless glow !
 Whilst you dealt veng'ance on th' insulting foe !
 Whilst you, on land, the pride of Gaul restrain !
 Or sweep victorious o'er the swelling main !
 My fancy burns ! transported with delight !
 With ardour wing'd ! pursues you to the fight !
 So few in years, my life, (without esteem ;)
 I have no patron for the glorious theme !
 Oh ! prop the cause of honour ! fame ! and truth
 Cherish the sallies of unripen'd youth !
 Since from your deeds, the growing theme must rise
 Accept the tribute due, and deign to patronize :

When I at first poetic ardour knew,
 And big with martial themes my bosom grew !
 From pregnant fancy, (fir'd by warlike worth)
 My rising thoughts prepar'd to sally forth
 In years a child, in litt'rature more young ;
 With secret transport on the theme I hung !

I heard much talk of Dettingen's fam'd fight,
 Where Lewis bow'd beneath the lion's might.
 Grown more mature, (a manly age attain'd)
 The strong impressions on my mind remain'd.
 I wish'd a day like that, to grace my pen,
 When GEORGE the second fought at Dettingen ;
 Whose presence banish'd all desponding dread,
 And thro' the ranks an emulation spread :
 Whilst brave Augustus, from his royal Sire,
 Caught the great flame, and burn'd with martial
 fire ;
 Methought I trod the glorious sanguin'd way ;
 When Cumberland pierc'd thro' the French array !
 Sometimes I view'd intrepid Ligonier !
 Plunging thro' deaths ! and void of grov'ling fear !
 GEORGE stood like Jove amid a thunder-storm ;
 Like bolts and light'nings these the Gallic ranks
 deform.
 The triumphs and the terrors of the fight
 Rose to my view, and play'd across my sight.
 Quick thro' the chase my flying fancy sped,
 When gens d'armes, and main corps, in pannic
 fled,

Headlong

Headlong they drove! afraid to stop for breath!
 Rush'd thro' the Rhine, and plung'd to watry
 death!

Colours deserted, 'mongst the wounded lie;
 And Gallic standards wear a purple dye:
 Guns, pikes, pontoons, in wild disorder spread,
 Promiscuous lie among the num'rous dead:
 Drums, horses, chiefs, riv'd helms, and spouting
 brains!

Breastplates and loathsome carnage load the plains.
 So the fam'd field of Dettingen appear'd,
 With Gallic troops bestrew'd, with Gallic blood be-
 smear'd.

Just as I reach'd the years to mark me man,
 The present war to burn a-fresh began;
 Design'd, no doubt, by strong resistless fate,
 To fling proud Gallia from her high estate.
 When Wolfe and Amherst, with Britannia's host,
 Descended on Cape Breton's hostile coast;
 Now first my heart conceiv'd the great design,
 Whilst these two heroes mightily combine

To sink or burn the fleet, and raze the walls,
 Of Louisbourg, with Britain's bombs and balls.
 When Maloe's fleets, in English flames expir'd;
 The burning news my teeming fancy fir'd :
 I trac'd prince EDWARD close to Cherburg's wall,
 And saw the pride of France before him fall :
 My raptur'd bosom, big with pleasure grew ;
 When Boscawen oppos'd, and beat De Clue.
 Who shrank, o'erpow'r'd from his impetuous fire,
 And left his Ocean * in the flames t'expire ;
 But oh ! who can the wond'rous glow disclose,
 When Hawke (by tars esteemed) beat Britain's
 foes ?

Whilst he with rapid flight to conquest flew,
 Conflans transfix'd, devoid of courage grew ;
 He led the van, the rear, and center run ;
 And England's fire devour'd the Royal Sun † !
 As in his foul, who clasps the yielding fair,
 The mighty transports roll beyond compare,
 My joys rush'd in like a tumultous flood ;
 The pond'rous pleasure trill'd along my blood :

* Monf. De Clue commanded the ship Ocean.

† Le Soleil Royal. The ship Monf. Conflans commanded.
 In English the Royal Sun.

When **certain** news arriv'd to glad our land,
 (Which shall unparallel'd for ages stand)
 Our troops had giv'n the num'rous Gauls a check,
 And Townshend had possession of Quebec;
 Like rocks, amid the fight, our warriors stood;
 Death conquer'd Wolfe! but Wolfe Quebec sub-
 du'd:

All these events, and more, my breast inspir'd;
 By warmth unknown before my soul was fir'd:
 To sing th' exploits Britannia's sons have done,
 What wonders they've perform'd, what mighty
 battles won:

Can I, whilst they victorious onward roll,
 In nervous thund'ring diction trace the whole?
 Who can the wond'rous worthy task perform?
 Speak as they fight, or write as when they storm?
 The task, the toils of Hercules exceeds;
 Phæton as well might drive Apollo's steeds:
 Now for old Homer's flight, and Homer's fire;
 Come Homer's soul, and all my soul inspire:
 Thy strong conceptions with my fancy blend,
 Like thine, the task is war! like thine the theme
 must end!

Oh!

Oh! might a portion now of Whitehead's skill!
 Or Mason's fire, my glowing bosom fill:
 Might Johnson's genius in my soul preside,
 Direct, suggest, and my invention guide:
 The slacken'd reins to fancy's flight I'd give,
 And in immortal lines each hero's name should live!
 But fate denies what reason bids me ask;
 Youth immatur'd, must grapple with the task:
 A pond'rous task, but 'tis a glorious aim;
 My fancy's fir'd amid the warlike theme.
 And as the clangor of the trumpet's sound
 Makes the fierce horse with fury paw the ground,
 A gen'rous ardour trills along his veins;
 To glory's goal he scours the sanguin'd plains:
 So I, well pleas'd, fair honour's call obey,
 Sing Britain's triumph, and the Gaul's dismay.
 Of Providence and Britain's happy state,
 By heav'n preserv'd from black impending fate;
 This be my theme, this be my sweet employ;
 To sing the strain with great enrapt'ring joy.
 Clio! Urania! guide me thro' the whole;
 And with celestial ardours fill my soul:

In nervous diction, teach my tongue to sing,
 Great GEORGE, victorious, Britain's much lov'd King.
 To tell how EDWARD, BRUNSWICK's grandson,
 fought ;

And Howe, and Marlborough, Britain's vengeance
 brought

Round Maloe's walls, mute guns, and troops in
 fright ;

Whilst fleets ascend in air, 'midst blazing night !
 Set Wolfe, Hawke, Amherst, Boscawen, to view ;
 Speak all their worth, and give them honour due :
 With Schomberg, Rogers, Johnson, greatly fam'd,
 Let Monckton, Townshend, Keppel, Clive, be
 nam'd.

To Indian climes conduct my fancy far,
 To trace the sons of Scotland through the war :
 Display the prowess of that martial race ;
 And in true light their matchless valour place.

Bring ev'ry British hero on the stage,	}
By patriot ardour fir'd, and manly rage,	
Who dar'd in Britain's cause against the foe	
t'engage.	

Rouze me to trace 'em thro' each fierce alarm !
 With martial sentiments, my bosom warm !
 Teach me to sing, their dread voracious frowns,
 In flaming death ! thro' Gallic troops, and towns !
 Oh ! give me ardour ! such as well may fit
 The fortitude, and eloquence of Pitt,
 His name, a place, most worthily may claim,
 To aggrandize the pleasing warlike theme ;
 That Pitt ! which Gallic lines cou'd never sound ! }
 Greatly capacious ! wond'rously profound ! }
 Where Lewis, and his politicks are drown'd ! }
 There all his treasures of the torrid Zone, }
 With northern furs, forts, settlements, are thrown ! }
 There sunk Quebec, to grand destruction down ! }
 A vast exulting glow, my bosom warms ! }
 For heav'n, propitious, prospers Britain's arms ! }
 And mighty Fred'rick's name, the quadrate league }
 alarms ! }
 GEORGE fills the throne, and governs well these }
 lands ; }
 Next him, with manly soul, great Pitt commands ; }
 And on a Legge well fix'd, most firmly stands ! }

So many, giant-like, of late have rose,
 And dealt with patriot zeal, 'gainst Gaul their blows!
 Have acted like the hand of mighty fate,
 To prop the throne, and save the British state!
 As stands the man, o'erwhelm'd with dazzling light,
 The oculist hath just restor'd to sight:
 Around he looks, absorb'd in dear amaze!
 And new born bliss, midst bright Apollo's blaze!
 With glorious transports! wonders he surveys,
 His Maker's Hand, Omnipotent, displays!
 So view I Royal GEORGE, with conquest crown'd,
 Whilst throngs of heroes brave! his throne sur-
 round,
 In pleasing joy! and grand reflection drown'd!
 Homer, his great Achilles much extoll'd,
 And in the list of fame, a few inroll'd;
 Express'd a grand luxuriance of thought,
 When he each hero into action brought;
 And with heroic skill, the great narration wrought.
 But had he liv'd in GEORGE the Second's days,
 A deathless monument of fame to raise
 For ev'ry hero we in Britain find,
 The task would grow too great for Homer's mind.

All, cannot with distinguish'd merit shine,
 Cohorts must throng, in one great pleasing line ;
 And fleets, in compass of a single page,
 Attack, repel, and quell the hostile rage.





WHEN first th' unwelcome news to us was
known,

The Gallic thunder fell on Portmahon ;
As mourns the mother (fond,) her offspring's cries, }
Who craves her aid, from threat'ning danger flies, }
Maternal doubts, and ardent wishes rise. }

So mourn'd each Briton true, Minorca's fate,
Approaching near, and imminently great !
At length, the thund'ring news reach'd Britain's coast,
Our squadron fled, and Portmahon was lost !
Reports came thick, the French prepar'd to land,
And ravage England, with a mighty hand ;
Their threat'ning troops, to fancy strong appear'd,
And sighs, and pray'rs, and sad portents were heard !

Gallia,

Gallia, with conquest flush'd ! pronounc'd our doom,
 And England seem'd involv'd in horrid gloom !
 (As children with a bugbear tale are scar'd,
 So we, of fleets, and troops, affrighted heard !)
 E'en like the sun, forth bursting from a cloud,
 (With lightning stor'd, and stormy tempest loud ;)
 To glad the traveller in lonely ways,
 And shed around, his sweet all-cheering blaze,
 Now Pitt arose, to glad our mournful isle,
 Dispell'd the gloom, and made Britannia smile !
 The scandal of the nation soon was raz'd,
 Th' insulting foe retir'd, transfix'd ! amaz'd !
 Before his eloquence, black perfidy was chas'd !
 He plann'd the war ! and practis'd martial schemes !
 And waken'd Lewis from his conq'ring dreams !

Now like a lion rousing from his den,
 (To meet the dogs, and animating men ;)
 Who sees his cub lie sprawling on the ground,
 Whom hungry dogs, most greedily surround :

He shakes his mane, and from his wrathful eyes,
 Indignant fire, in dreadful glances flies !
 Horrid he roars ! and swings his mighty tail,
 For grand revenge, prepares both tooth and nail :
 Foaming, he views the lacerated spoil ;
 (Hunters, and dogs, and horses, back recoil !)
 So England rous'd, on fell revenge inclin'd :
 'Gainst Maloes, Cherburg, Louisbourg design'd ;
 As if one soul did ev'ry Briton fire,
 All rush to arms, and burn with wrathful ire !
 Now o'er the main, our fleets assert our right,
 Round Britain's standard, with a stern delight,
 Troops throng on troops, and with the rumour'd
 fight !

With free-born rage, all animated stand,
 At danger spurn, and dare the foe to land :
 Wives, children, laws, and liberty's sweet charms,
 With threefold ardour ev'ry bosom warms !

Now Watfon, Sayer, Barrington arose,
 Roar'd in the storm ! and crush'd Britannia's foes !

Clive,

Clive, Marth, and Maſon, Draper, Keppel, Moore,
 To Africa, and India, veng'ance bore ;
 Theſe, with more brave commanders thither ſail'd,
 With mighty hand, againſt our foes prevail'd.
 Like hurricanes, and earthquakes, forc'd their way,
 Made nations bend, and own great GEORGE'S ſway !
 Reliev'd Madraſs, repair'd its batter'd wall ;
 Triumphant ſeiz'd on ſwathy Senegal !
 Their cannon ſhook devoted hoſtile ground,
 And ſcatter'd deaths, 'mongſt faithleſs tribes around !
 They ſtood tranſfix'd ! their vital blood ran cold !
 Whilſt England's ſtorms, o'er towns, and ramparts
 roll'd !
 Houſes, and walls, from their foundations ſtray'd,
 And pil'd in ſmoaking waſte, o'erwhelm'd the
 blaſted dead !
 Granada now, St. Martin's, Guadaloup,
 Beneath Britannia's might, ſubmiſſive ſtoop !
 Marigalante, Surat, Chandernagore,
 Calcutta trembled, whilſt Clive's thunders roar !

* Clive! by whose might, Chandernagore * was raz'd,
 Before whom twice, the Nabob fled * amaz'd!
 Clive! whose impetuous war, bore down his foes!
 Clive! who made Nabobs *! Nabobs * cou'd depose!
 This adds a lustre to great Brunswick's throne,
 His gen'ral † does, what conq'ring Rome has done.
 Victorious oft! for battle greatly fam'd!
 By Africans, The never * to be conquer'd nam'd!
 (Tho' with more ships, by thousands better mann'd,
 Enough to make pale fear itself to stand;)
 Thrice fled D'Ache, when dreaded Pocock came,
 'Midst English tars, and sheets of British flame!

Now English worthies, on the continent,
 Made Indian-French, and savages repent
 Their cruel, black, infernal, scalping rage,
 Not daring with our free-born troops t'engage;

***** Calcutta, and Chandernagore, were taken by Gen. Clive, the Nabob was twice defeated by him; and Jaffier Ali Cawn made Nabob. The people in that country, gave him a name, which in their language signifies The never to be conquer'd.

† The Romans would often depose one king, and raise another; General Clive deposed the Nabob, and raised another to that dignity.

(They

They fought in fear, or fled in foul disgrace,
As tim'rous deers, when angry lions chase.

Not satiate so, on ampler veng'ance bent,
Against Cape Breton, England's fleet is sent.
Behold, they come! off Louisbourg appear;
Their coming strikes with an amazing fear!
Pale tremor fills French forts, and troops, and
towns,

And scalping crews, for angry Britain frowns!
And like Briareus*, with an hundred hands, }
She seiz'd on African, and Indian lands, }
And pour'd around, her brave victorious bands! }
Onward they roll'd, like an o'erwhelming flood!
And delug'd Gallic lands, in Gallic blood!

The French invasion now, is fear'd no more,
Our troops prepar'd to tread the Gallic shore:
On ev'ry side, their angry blows they dealt,
St. Maloes first, their vengeful fury felt!

* A hundred handed giant, as the poets say.

(The French flat bottom'd policy repaid,
 Heav'n sent the Prussian Hero to their aid.)
 There, before Britain's troops, by Marlborough led,
 On friendly ground, the tim'rous Frenchmen fled;
 Whilst under covert of St. Maloe's wall,
 Whole fleets of ships, an easy conquest fall.
 Six scores their number, (needless are their names,)
 A prey, to Britain's dread voracious flames!
 As from on high, the tow'ring eagles ken
 The serpent's brood, before the female's den;
 Downward they fouse, and seize the scaly prey,
 In griping talons, safely born away.
 (They mock the mother's hiss, with gen'rous scorn,
 Aloft in air, the venom'd brood is born;)

So Howe, and Marlborough, jointly sped their way,
 And boldly seiz'd upon the Gallic prey!
 Greatly resolv'd, the neighb'ring forts they dare,
 Whilst hostile wealth evaporates in air!

AS daring Louisbourg, our navy lay,
 Stretch'd off, and on, upon the swelling sea;
 It pleas'd the hand of heav'n to interpose,
 And send on Britain's fleet its stormy woes;
 'Cause Louisbourg, as yet, not ripe for fate,
 Must be preserved to a longer date.

A heavy gale, at first, the fleet divides,
 The rolling waves, dash'd hard against their sides!
 A tempest next, with fury uncontroul'd,
 High o'er their decks, the surging billows roll'd!
 The foaming ocean madly round 'em rag'd!
 A hurricane, the British fleet engag'd!
 Each ship was now in danger to be lost,
 The storm urg'd hard, upon the hostile coast;
 Still grew more strong, and louder than before,
 And forc'd our fleet upon the Gallic shore.
 No longer now, they cou'd the fury brave
 Of wind, and ev'ry pond'rous dashing wave!
 Towards the shore, in grand confusion ride!
 Born on the back of the tumultous tide.
 As vapours vanish in the spacious air,
 The angry winds, the spreading canvas tear!

Halliards,

Halliards, and stays give way, like burning tow ! }
 Yards, topmasts, blocks, a pond'rous burden grow ! }
 With crashing noise, come tumbling down below ! }
 Wave, after wave, rolls over the quarter-deck,
 Sweeps fore and aft, and threatens each ship with wreck !
 Amid the waves they plunge ! again they rise
 On watry hills, and seem to greet the skies !
 High o'er the windward side, proud billows come,
 To leeward roll, in froth, and briny foam !
 Each tumbling ship, now fallies as she glides,
 And in the ocean dips her lofty sides !
 Lan-yards, main-shrouds, and chain-plates go to }
 wreck, }
 'The lower masts, are shorten'd to the deck ! }
 'And from their breechings, heavy cannons break ! }
 To stop the guns, hammocks are quickly flung,
 And now, the heavy unstay'd bolt-sprit's sprung !
 A damp, now chills the boldest seaman's soul,
 As they drive on, and in the tempest roll !
 The danger now, seems greater than before,
 For just a-lee, behold the Gallic shore !

Captains,

Captains, lieutenants, boatswains, vainly rave, }
 In vain, the hardy tars, the tempest brave; }
 The ship's impell'd by each impetuous wave ! }

Amid the tempest, human speech is drown'd,
 From stem, to stern, nought but confusion's found !

Whilst some, (perhaps) are floating on the sea,
 Wash'd from the decks, or blown with yards away.

Anchors, are now the only hope that's found,
 Yet oft, they furrow up the faithless ground.

The Tilbury, no longer can sustain

The rough assault of the tempestuous main :

Her cables parts, whilst angry tempests roar,
 And like a horse unbridled, leaps on shore !

There soon became, a dismal shatter'd wreck ;

The massy beams, and solid timbers break ;

Bolts, trunnels, staples, knees, and all give way,

The floating ruin spreads the surging sea !

High o'er the ship, the foaming tempest laves !

And British seamen sink in wat'ry graves !

Powder, design'd in thunder to displode,

Sinks down, oppress'd, with an aquatic load,

Is now expended on the Gallic shore,
 In other noise, than when loud cannons roar.
 Indulgent Heav'n at length, the storm appeas'd,
 Of all their fears, the English squadron eas'd :
 The foaming surges, wear a smoother form,
 God nodded peace ! and silent grew the storm !
 Half wreck'd ! dismasted ! in a dismal sort !
 Our fleet soon anchor'd in a friendly port ;
 From whence to England, back again they plough,
 And Britons mourn'd the stormy overthrow.

STILL, like a loaded thunder-cloud, from far,
 Great Britain growl'd revenge, and flaming war !
 England, still ruminates, to Gallia's dread,
 On veng'ance stern, and ruin widely spread !
 Minorca's fall, for great reprisals cries ;
 She views Cape Breton with revengeful eyes !
 So storm'd Achilles, his Patroclus lost, “
 And ey'd great Hector mid the Trojan host.
 He grasp'd his spear ; he pois'd his pond'rous shield ;
 Compleatly arm'd, again, he took the field !

His teeth he gnash'd, and with a mortal frown,
 Thin'd Trojan ranks, and mow'd their warriors
 down.

Beneath his blows, the tim'rous Dardans yield,
 And godlike Hector, breathless loads the field !

At length, the wish'd-for spring, once more appear'd,
 And Boscawen, the British banners rear'd :

The glad'ning news, with pleasure fill'd each mind,
 Great GEORGE, a second northern war design'd !

English, Hibernians, Scotchmen, now are shipt,
 With all accoutrements for war equipt !

With brazen mortars, whence the bombs are flung,
 And congregating fleets together throng :

The pond'rous batt'ring guns are put on board,

With barr'd, and round shot, ships are largely stor'd !

With bombs, tents, horses, (fit to draw the car,) }

And all the apparatus of the war ; }

With loads of footy grain, to fling the bombs from
 far ! }

Our fleets refitted, o'er the billows ride ;

(The dread of France ! and Britain's naval pride !

Widely

Widely they spread, upon the swelling sea,
 And thro' the western ocean speed their way ;
 The dreadful pomp, of threatening war display !
 Heav'n smil'd th' assent, and back they ne'er re-
 turn'd,
 Till batter'd Louisbourg, in flaming ruin mourn'd !
 Behold they come, with friendly squadrons meet,
 Retard, and intercept the Gallic fleet :
 Widely they stretch along the hostile coast,
 Not long, e'er Lewis mourns this island lost.
 A council's call'd, where measures they propose,
 Where best to land, where most annoy the foes ;
 Brave Boscawen, (like Ithaca's* sage king,)
 The hinge, on whom, the grand design must swing,
 Wisely foresaw, (and ponder'd in his mind,)
 Unless our troops, unanimous combin'd,
 The whole design, might soon abortive prove,
 As that, where Moab†, Seir‡, and Ammon§ strove.

* Ulysses, king of Ithaca, was a Grecian king, and warrior, at the siege of Troy, and much renowned for his sagacity, and skill in carrying on a warlike scheme.

††† 'Tis said in scripture, when the children of Moab, Ammon, and Mount Seir, came against Israel, a dissention arose among the troops, they drew their swords, attacked, and destroyed one another ; and by that means, defeated their own designs against the coasts of Israel.

First discontent, next martial anger burn'd,
 Each drew his sword, against his ally turn'd;
 England too oft, the like mishap hath mourn'd!
 But Boscawen, of large and gen'rous soul!
 So well projected, and contriv'd the whole,
 That English, Scotchmen, and Hibernians bear
 Of fame, and danger both, an equal share.
 To his sage conduct we may chiefly owe,
 The French repuls'd, with rapid overthrow!
 Now all prepar'd, (the landing place in view,)
 For sev'ral days a blust'ring tempest blew:
 Which for that space, the bold attempt retards;
 But Providence, the British frigates guards;
 For tho' they rode full near the hostile shore,
 And Gallic cannon, with incessant roar,
 And tho' brisk fire from mortars was maintain'd,
 Small was the loss, or damage they sustain'd!

Again, the wind, and waters, ceas'd to rage,
 And now, the fleet, and troops, prepare t'engage;
 Now line of battle ships approach the shore,
 And nearer still, the lesser frigates roar!

Against th' opposing foes, a dreadful bar!
 Whilst transports quick refund the living war!
 Tumult! and noise! and slaughter! quick ensu'd,
 And men, and boats, are dash'd upon the flood!
 Cannons incessant roar, and bullets rend,
 Down thro' the air, the countless bombs descend!
 And sulph'rous flames, and clouds of smoke arise,
 Whilst from French infantry, the leaden bullet flies.
 Mean while, our frigates, cannons, mortars ply;
 And bombs, and balls, in deadly volleys fly.
 Amherst, and Wolfe, proceed, serene, sedate,
 As if themselves had turn'd the hinge of fate:
 By them inspir'd, our infantry soon grew
 With ardour warm, and to the battle flew!
 Bore all before 'em, like the swelling main,
 The French could not their mighty charge sustain!
 Expanding sheets of vapours cloud the day,
 Whilst boats to land (with speed,) pursue their way.
 See! see! the crimson blood, brave Bailly stains;
 The (glancing) leaden death, hath pierc'd his brains!
 The manly Cuthbert's merit well is known,
 Who fondly cry'd, my Bailly! dear! you're gone!
Oh!

Oh ! sad ! there stopp'd the amicable breath !
 Brave Cuthbert felt the dashing iron death !
 The fatal bullet, through his body came ;
 And drown'd in blood, the glowing friendly flame.
 From Scottish warriors, tears of anger flow !
 Their bosoms glow'd with pond'rous martial woe ;
 For Cuthbert oft, and Bailly, brav'd the foe. }
 Both, oft were seen in battles to engage ;
 Oft fac'd grim death, when cloath'd in Gallic rage.
 Ill fated warriors ! thus to fall before
 Your luckless boat, had reach'd the destin'd shore !
 Oh ! that you'd liv'd to tread the hostile plain,
 Till thousands by your gallant Scotchmen slain,
 Their furious blows had felt, and dropp'd around,
 And you had scap'd without your mortal wound !
 Small cause shall Frenchmen have, your deaths to boast,
 When once your troops shall firmly tread their coast ;
 With angry courage fir'd, and gen'rous wrath,
 They'll glut the grave, and satiate greedy death !

As when the thunder of the mighty Jove,
 Is hurl'd from heav'n's strong battlements above ;

The loud artill'ry in a dreadful form,
 Comes rolling on, amid a pitchy storm ;
 The direful fragors of th' Æthereal store,
 Rattle aloft, with dread, terrific roar :
 Lightnings, and bolts, before the growl proceed,
 To strike the destin'd mark, with rapid fury speed !
 So under covert of sulphureous smoke,
 Which from the British fleet in thunder broke ;
 First flew the bolts, t' intimidate the Gauls,
 To dash the mud banks, or cemented walls.
 Next Scotia's troops to battle rally'd forth,
 And Louisbourg confess'd their northern worth ;
 From clouds of smoke they burst like lightning's
 blaze,
 And struck th' opposing foe with grand amaze !
 Few deaths they sent, of iron, or of lead,
 But o'er the hostile lines they boldly tread ;
 And as they march, they death and danger spread. }
 To closest fight their cohort quickly runs,
 And scorns to battle with the distant guns :
 They strike the blow, that stops the hostile breath,
 And load the foe with storms of steely death !

See! where the sons of Scotland force their way,
 With Rangers join'd, in dreadful disarray!
 Sustain'd by infantry, array'd in order strong;
 Amherst, and Wolfe, who urg'd the landing war
 along :
 They fire, advance, and charge, and to the bat-
 tle throng.

And comet like, their broad bright swords appear,
 Death's in their front, and terror in their rear!
 As fierce Achilles, (thunderbolt of war,)
 Broke Trojan ranks in his resistless carr;
 On rush'd his myrmidons, with faulchions rear'd,
 Of troops thick throng'd, the ground was quickly
 clear'd.

So before, Wolfe and Amherst, Frenchmen fled,
 Their troops advancing struck a mortal dread;
 (The tim'rous living stumbled o'er the dead!)
 From flank, to flank, the glitt'ring danger shines,
 And war's dread havoc, marks their spreading lines;
 They wave their swords, anticipate the fight,
 And strong reblaze the glitt'ring rays of light:

From man to man, they catch the gen'rous glow !
 A stupid languor seizes on the foe :
 They stand transfix'd ! the burnish'd ruin dread !
 Thro' Gallia's troops a pannic terror spread !
 As when amid the gloom of darkest night,
 The transient glances of Tartarean light,
 Attack a lonely person with surprize !
 And fancy'd fiends in millions round him rise ;
 Mutely transfix'd, all resolution sleeps,
 A chilly damp thro' all his vitals creeps ;
 A sweating tremor shakes him to the ground,
 Amid the tumult all reflection's drown'd.
 So as their lines the Caledonians cross'd,
 The Frenchmen quick resisting ardour lost :
 No longer felt the great heroic glow,
 Such as the three united nations know :
 Beneath their pond'rous blows, the French troops
 reel,
 Depress'd, and drown'd, 'midst show'rs of northern
 steel.
 Our troops (resolv'd,) no dangers cou'd controul,
 Tho' high on shore, the foaming billows roll :
Tho'

Tho' thousands there (entrench'd,) the beach command ;

And guns, and mortars, throng'd the hostile strand :
 Headed by Wolfe, they plunge into the flood,
 And wade to Louisbourg thro' Gallic blood !
 Where English, Scotch, and bold Hibernians storm,
 How strong the triple union they can form !
 The threefold pow'rs their gallantry display,
 Like powder, shot, and fire, impetuous force their way !

With circumspection now the ground's survey'd,
 From whence artilleries may best be play'd ;
 And heavy batt'ring guns are dragg'd around,
 Advancing engineers work under ground :
 Large and small batt'ries, 'cover'd from the sight,)
 Are plann'd, and form'd, midst silence of the night.
 The platforms next, with utmost speed they form,
 From whence to roll Great Britain's thunder storm ;
 Incentive match, and bombs, are thither brought,
 And magazines, with dormant thunder fraught ;
 Till wak'd by fire, then dashing bolts are thrown,
 To raze the walls of thick cemented stone :

Mortars are plac'd, from whose infernal wombs,
Ejecting powder sends the murd'ring bombs.

Now every thing against the hour prepar'd,
The masks are dropp'd, the British greeting's heard.
Towards the ramparts infantries advance,
Defiance thunders from the forts of France :
The loud explosion rages more and more,
Deep throated guns, and brazen mortars roar :
In undulating air, long hangs the sound,
And flame, and sulph'rous vapours spread around.
As from Mount Etna, and Vesuvius rise,
Thunders, and flames, whilst vapours cloud the skies:
Like these vulcanoes in convulsive rage,
The British troops, and Gallic forts engage.
Advancing corps of infantries gain ground,
The cohort, fascine batt'ries play around.
Wolfe well deserves his dread voracious name,
Spreads ruin round, or wide devouring flame !
Around the town he roams, conceal'd in night !
Intent on Gallic prey, maintains the fight !
The silenc'd light-house-batt'ry, owns his might !

Soon

Soon grows more dreadful, than it was before;
 Inspir'd by Wolfe, and British troops to roar!
 Wolfe, on the island fort, his battle pours!
 Incessant, sends, his thund'ring, iron show'rs!
 Whilst Amherst, on the town, and grand-fort plays!
 (On Gallic troops, desponding terrors seize!)
 Against the island fort, Wolfe's bosom burns!
 His rapid storm, their thunder overturns!
 Dash'd by his balls, obstructing ramparts drop!
 They even plough, the deep foundations up!
 Before his battle, adverse strength is born!
 Pomelions, nuts, and muzzles, off are torn!
 His fierce assault, the hostile platform feels,
 Bestrew'd with useless guns, and broken wheels!
 The mould'ring breaches, wide, and wider spread!
 Rammers, and sponges, lie among the dead!
 Descending bombs, most dreadfully displode!
 With ruin'd walls, the shiver'd platforms load!
 The fort's defendants, now for shelter fly,
 For undistinguish'd, lo, the rampiers lie!
 Subverted guns, with wheels aloft display'd,
 Among the piles of rubbish, too are laid!
 And dreadful devastation widely spread!

Disploded

Disploded shells, and shot, together throng;
 And mortars, from their brazen bases flung!
 A prospect odd! of iron! brass! and lead!
 Of stones! and mangled bodies of the dead!
 Fathers, to future sons, shall this report;
 So, fought brave Wolfe! so look'd, the island fort!

By Boscawen, and Hardy, (both) inspir'd,
 See, British tars, to deeds of wonder fir'd!
 They leave their lofty ships upon the sea;
 Destin'd for Louisbourg, they speed their way, }
 As hungry wolves, will nightly roam for prey!
 No whit dismay'd, thro' dangers on they came!
 'Midst gloom, and shot, and shells, and sulph'rous
 flame!

Towards the Gallic thunder storms they bend! }
 With speed alert, their lofty sides ascend!
 And from the engineers, the dashing bolts they }
 rend!

Descending Frenchmen, soon their quarters leave,
 The cutlafs, and the naval pole-ax, cleave!

Not one survives, to wail the hundreds dead ;
 But carnage great, and total death is spread !
 L'Entreprenant, in flame, most fiercely glow'd !
 But Bienfaicant they sav'd, and from the harbour
 tow'd.

So hungry wolves, attack the tim'rous sheep,
 In lonely cots, and o'er the fences leap ;
 Eager, they seize, upon the fleecy prey ;
 Tear ! kill ! and drag, whate'er they please away !

With ardent balls, brave Wolfe, their fleet doth vex !
 Or drops his bombs, upon their open decks !
 They sink, or vanish, in a sulph'rous blaze !
 And with new horrors Louisbourg amaze !
 As from the bellowing engine of the skies,
 The thunderbolt, and riving light'ning flies ;
 They rend the knotty oaks, and tear the ground !
 And spread a defolating ruin round !
 So Wolfe, and Amherst, emulous advance,
 To waste the troops, and raze the forts of France !

Amherst,

Amherst, sends various deaths among the foe! }
 The troops, and tars, with gen'rous courage glow! }
 The town, and grand-fort, little respite know! }
 See, Wolfe, inspires, and spurs his martial pow'rs!
 With roar destructive, Louisbourg devours!
 Wolfe, prowls by night, with caution to survey,
 How batt'ring guns, and British mortars play!
 Oft looks on Louisbourg, with threat'ning frown!
 And show'rs his shot, and shells, upon the town!
 Amherst, and Wolfe, full forty days assail
 The town, and forts, resolved to prevail.
 As oft are known, the meteors of the sky,
 With burning tails, descending from on high,
 To dash thro' houses, quick in ashes lain,
 Tough oaks are riv'd, and frighted mortals slain:
 As they displode, with dreadful thund'ring sound,
 And tear, and furrow up, the neighb'ring ground!
 Their tow'ring bombs, descending from on high,
 With dread commission! to the town they fly!
 The crashing roofs give way! they dash to ground!
 Displode! and scatter dust, and deaths, around!

Spread devastation wide, thro' all the place !
 And lofty domes, to deep foundations raze !
 So, flaming Louisbourg, their fury feels !
 From English bombs, proceed those various ills !
 Men ! women ! children ! welter in their gore !
 Shrieks ! groans ! and flames ! mortars ! and can-
 nons roar !
 With dread confusion, fill the Gallic shore !
 Drucour, no longer, can the fight maintain ;
 Tho' greatly brave ! yet here, his brav'ry's vain !
 Tho' wond'rous strong the place, it cannot shield
 His troops from death ; behold, the rampiers yield !
 For Wolfe, and Amherst, with a thund'ring frown !
 Shake the grand fort ! and fire the neighb'ring town !
 Aloft, great GEORGE'S banners, were uprear'd ;
 Brave Boscawen, into the harbour steer'd.
 The dreadful scene is chang'd, they hear no more,
 The dying groans, nor guns, nor mortars roar,
 And slaughter, ceases, on the Gallic shore !
 The British cannon roar'd, in harmless fort,
 When Louisbourg became a friendly port !

Heav'n !

Heav'n! hear my pray'r! preserve it as our own!
Till Gallic foes, our faithful friends are grown!

Amen.

WHEN Nestor, (sagely,) on the Phrygian
shore,

Advis'd some * spies, shou'd Hector's camp explore,
The sage Ulysses, and fierce Diomed,
Thro' Trojan guards, and gloom, and dangers sped.
Amherst, and Wolfe, like these, were wisely chose,
For foreign war, against perfidious foes.

* Upon the refusal of Achilles, to return to the army, (which he had deserted, on account of the quarrel between him, and Agamemnon, who with his troops had laid siege to Troy; but was now by the irresistible prowess of Hector, beaten back to his ships, and entrenchments.) A council of war was call'd by night, for the public safety, and Nestor questions, if none will go to hazard his life to save his country, strive to seize some straggling foe, or penetrate so far into their camp, as to hear their counsels and designs, mentions the glory of the dead, and what gifts! and praises! his grateful country wou'd bestow! Diomed, undertook this hazardous enterprize! and made choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage, they surprize Dolon (whom Hector had sent on a like design, to the camp of the Grecians.) From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan, and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians, who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp. The whole story may be read in the 10th book of Homer's Iliad.

Wisdom,

Wisdom, and valour, with united force ;
 Conduct the Grecians, thro' their nightly course.
 If skill mature, the great design shou'd ask ;
 Who fitter than Ulysses, for the task ?
 Shou'd giant danger, stride a-crofs the path !
 Tydides * fierce ! was full of martial wrath !
 With mighty strength, his pond'rous spear he drove !
 And scarce † retreated from the thund'ring Jove !
 Amherst, in council, was rely'd upon :
 Wolfe had the spirit of Tydeus' son !
 Both oft had charg'd, amidst the sulph'rous roar
 Of deep mouth'd guns, and thousands in their gore :
 Both oft well try'd, to fierce encounters drew,
 Where iron deaths, and leaden dangers flew !

* Tydides, is Diomed, being the son of Tydeus ; and is sometimes in the Iliad, call'd Diomed. Tydides. Tydeus's son.

† In the 8th book of Homer's Iliad. We have Diomed. advancing fiercely to Nestor's rescue, and to battle with Hector, who came thund'ring through the war, and was driving full upon the Pylian sage. Homer makes Jupiter oppose Diomed in these words.

But Jove with awful sound ;
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound.
 Full in Tydides' face, the lightning flew ;
 The ground before him, flam'd with sulphur blue.

After which, he describes him retreating with great reluctance, from Hector's overwhelming battle ; tho' deserted by the Grecians, advis'd to flee by Nestor, and oppos'd by a storm of thunder, and lightning, from Jupiter himself.

Brunswick,

Brunswick, and Pitt, on these, securely lean'd,
 England, in hope, by these, was well sustain'd.
 So Memnon, Nestor, fix'd their hopes upon
 Bold Diomed, and sage Laertes' * son.
 Thro' Dardan ranks, victorious, both had strode;
 Their Grecian spears, drank, deep of hostile blood.
 Amidst the fiercest shocks, both oft were try'd;
 Whilst brains, and gore, their biting faulchions dy'd!
 Swords, jav'lins, darts, and spears, (in hostile fields,)
 In batt'ring storms, had rattled on their shields!
 With warlike spoils, their labours oft were crown'd;
 For wisdom great, and valour, much renown'd.
 They seiz'd on Dolon †, struck with wild dismay !
 First slew the spy, then sped where Rhesus lay :
 Doom'd with his guards, no more to see the light;
 Their eyes seal'd up, in everlasting night !
 Back to their friends, the heroes safe return'd :
 The Trojan camp, their nightly visit mourn'd.
 Both plann'd, both fought, as dread occasion needs !
 And both their souls, were form'd for mighty deeds !

* Ulysses, who is in the Iliad, sometimes call'd, sage Ulysses, wife Ulysses, Laertes's son, and sometimes Ithacus.

† The spy, sent by Hector, to explore the Grecian Camp. Vid. 10th book of Homer's Iliad.

Amherst, and Wolfe, like these, in war renown'd!
 Return'd from Louisbourg, with conquest crown'd!
 The toils of war, each disposition suits;
 And either plans, and either executes.
 The Grecian heroes, their nocturnal course
 Held jointly on, with great united force.
 Whilst Diomed, the guards of Rhesus slew,
 Wife Ithacus*, the bodies backward drew.
 Fearing the mettled steeds might scorn the rein,
 Unus'd to carnage, and the sanguin'd plain.
 Whilst Amherst thunder'd on the frighten'd town!
 Wolfe's battle shook the island batt'ry down!
 Wise were the Grecian chiefs! nor wont to fear!
 Sagacious! brave! the British heroes were!

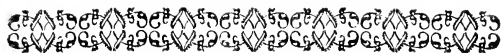
* Ulysses, who is often call'd Ithacus: from his country;
 being king of Ithaca.

End of BOOK I.




The A R G U M E N T.

The descent at Cherburg. Blowing up the bason. Goree attacked by the Honourable Augustus Keppel: and surrendered to him. Admiral Rodney's bombardment of Havre de Grace; and burning the flat-bottom boats; with an address to Great Britain. Boscawen's sailing, and chasing De Clue. The engagement. De Clue, and part of his Squadron, driven on shore! with the pannic they were in on seeing the Spanish fleet, and supposing them to be an English fleet.



W A R :

B O O K II.

REAT GEORGE's GRANDSON, lands
on Gallia's shore !

His batt'ring guns ! and royal mortars
roar !

Close ply'd, well aim'd, are bombs, and dashing balls !

Before the princely hero, Cherburg falls !

Low as the dust, strong ramparts, down are thrown !

Aloft, in air, the costly bason's blown !

How smil'd, our good, old King ! how trembled
Gaul !

Whilst EDWARD's cannon, raz'd proud Cherburg's
wall !

Paternal doubts ! and ardent wishes rise !

Whilst tears of transport, sparkled in his eyes !

Grandly exulting! more than king he stood!
 Whilst EDWARD fought, confessing Brunswick's
 blood!

So stands, the royal hunter, to survey
 His cubs, who grapple with a stubborn prey!
 He swings his tail, exulting at the sight!
 And trembling, longs to mingle in the fight!
 With love paternal fir'd, and ardent rage!
 He sees the lions, as the cubs engage!
 At length, the vanquish'd foe, is drown'd in blood!
 He shakes his mane, and roars his approbation
 loud!

As if Vesuvius, uprooted torn;
 Against Gorce, to battle had been born!
 Brave Keppel, in the Torbay, fierce assail'd,
 Fort, after fort, and mightily prevail'd!
 Whilst fate, in triumph, in each broadside rode,
 Troops, tars, and Keppel, all, for vict'ry glow'd!
 Shot, after shot, bomb, after bomb, he sent!
 Silenc'd their guns! platforms, and ramparts rent!

The

The Gauls grew cold, as warm the Britons grew!
 And greatly emulous, to battle flew!
 They ceas'd their fire, and pull'd their ensign down,
 And gave our troops possession of the town.

See! Rodney, next, th' invasive project marr!
 Subverts French schemes, and their flat bottom'd war!
 Britannia's fleet, at Havre, threatens the shore!
 And brazen mortars, in bombardment roar!
 From iron vehicles, the veng'ance broke!
 And all their plans, evaporate in smoke!

Britain! let loose thy rough, undaunted tars!
 And smile applause, on all thy sons of Mars!
 Let no cabals, thy patriots aims frustrate!
 Nor civil discontent, disturb the state!
 Then under Providence, we may expect,
 A lasting peace, the pride of Gallia check!

Now Hawke, and Boscawen, with terrors ride,
 Across the main, to curb the Gallic pride :
 And in Lagos, and Quiberon's fam'd bay,
 Our gallant tars, their naval worth display ;
 Attack, and strike the fleets of Gaul, with dread
 dismay !

Boscawen, first engages with the foe ;
 And gains new laurels from his overthrow !
 Frighted before ! at Spaniards * in the bay ;
 They tack'd, confus'd ! and stood again at sea.
 Chimeras fill'd their minds ! black fear prevails !
 And ev'ry cloud, was England's swelling sails !
 So tim'rous souls, (dreading nocturnal shade !)
 A similar mistake, have often made.
 A sudden glance, across a glitt'ring pool,
 'Twas light'ning flash'd ! and shou'd some growling
 bull,

Bellow terrific, thro' th' adjacent plains,
 Some fiend infernal, roar'd, and shook his chains !

* The French fleet, seeing the Spanish fleet in the bay, (as they were going into harbour,) tack'd, and stood off again at sea: by which means, they met, the (so much dreaded) English fleet, which they so vainly endeavoured to shun.

From non-existing ills, they strive t' escape,
 Stumble on nought ! and into ditches leap !
 So Frenchmen now, substantial dangers meet,
 Shunning the shadow of an English fleet !
 Our fleet, no sooner, to their view appear'd,
 False signals made, and Britain's ensigns rear'd,
 Thro' all their ships, the wonted fears prevail !
 They dropp'd their courfers, and set ev'ry sail !
 Now glow'd our tars ! and thro' the foaming sea,
 They chas'd De Clue, and long'd to seize their prey !
 As thro' the concave of the gloomy sky,
 (On wings of winds upborn, on which they fly ;)
 Black clouds, chase clouds, in dread tremendous
 form !

Pregnant with light'ning, hail, and thunder storm !
 So Gallia's flying ships, and our pursuing fleet,
 Glide on in flaming gloom, and in loud thunder
 greet !

Yard-arm, and yard-arm now, and side, to side,
 Pikes, pistols, guns, and cannons all are ply'd.
 From ship, to ship, grapples, and chains are thrown ;
 Pole axes grasp'd, and cutlasses are drawn :

With inborn glow, our tars prepare t' assail,
 Resolv'd they board, and uncontroul'd prevail.
 Braye Boscawen bears down, with gen'rous rage;
 And tho' dismasted, dares De Clue t' engage.
 So fierce they fought! so many broadsides fir'd!
 The brass * relented, and the guns grew tir'd!
 De Clue now fled, (with thousands) hid in smoke,
 Which from the British fleet, with veng'ance
 broke;
 And left their ships, at random on the sea,
 To rocks, and flames, and English tars a prey.
 To shun Boscawen's rage, and horrid roar,
 The Gallic Ocean † tumbled on the shore.

* If I am not much mistaken, I heard, that the muzzles,
 of some of the Ocean's brass guns, bent downward; the metal
 being molify'd, by excessive heat of the oft repeated discharges.

† The ship De Clue commanded.

End of B O O K II.

The A R G U M E N T.

Great Britain's preparation of her fleet, and troops, against Quebec, under Admiral Saunders, and Admiral Holmes; and the Generals, Wolfe, Monckton, and Townshend. The panic in France! and at Quebec! as the consequence thereof. The fleet sailing; their arrival in the river of Quebec. The formidable appearance, and resolution, of the English, Scotch, Irish, and Provincials; when they remember'd Zell, and the scalping butchery of the French, Canadians, and Indians. The fleet proceeding up the Gulf, and the English Wolfe landed against the enemy. His intrepidity, and the execution of his attacks. Fireships sent down, several times by the French, upon the stream, to burn our fleet; but by the vigilance of Admiral Saunders, Holmes, and other resolved commanders; join'd with the indefatigable resolution, and activity, of our bold, and hardy tars; they are baffled in all their schemes, and the fireships, and fire-floats, do no damage to the English fleet. The vexation of the French thereon; and the war carried to their walls. The united battery of General Wolfe, on Point Levi: Admiral Saunders, below the town, and Admiral Holmes, above the town.

General Wolfe, represented as in suspense, on point of Levi; on account of the small number of forces he had with him, and on viewing Montcalm's camp,
with

with near double the number ; and observing the stupendous height, and stability of the town, and garrison of Quebec. Compared to Babylon's, (as was thought, impregnable) ramparts, for the town stood upon a lofty rock, and well defended by trench, on trench, and impassable works, and avenues : rising dreadfully to view ! one above another. General Wolfe's intrepid resolves, to attack Monsieur Montcalm's entrenchments. The dangerous landing : fight, and retreat. The undaunted behaviour of Captain Ochterlony, (a Scotch gentleman,) and Lieut. Peyton, (an Irish gentleman :) both of one company of Royal American grenadiers ; left wounded on the field of battle. Their refusal to be carried off. Two Indians, and a Frenchman, attack Capt. Ochterlony. Mr. Peyton, (after a long struggle,) kills the Indians, and is rescu'd from about thirty more by three Highlanders, detached by Capt. M'Donald of Fraser's battalion. General Wolfe is vex'd at his repulse, and sickens thro' care and watching. The united efforts of the soldiers, and seamen, to reduce the place. The battery against, and from the town, and all the terrors ! carnage ! and tumult of the siege describ'd ! the terror of the French, Canadians, and Indians, on account of their cruelty, and treachery !

General Amberst, Townshend, Johnson, Howe, Prideaux, Rogers, Forbes, Schomberg, Abercromby,
and

and their transactions on the Continent mentioned, by way of episode ; who reduced in the mean time, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Niagara ; with some other services performed by them. The siege of Quebec reassumed. The day of battle describ'd before the town. The difficulty our troops met in ascending the hill, and their resolution. The summit of the hill gain'd. The armies meeting. A short essay on the Generals. The fight begun. General Wolfe's wrist broken by a ball. His intrepidity, and desire for battle. General Wolfe wounded a second time ; but dissembles the hurt. Wounded a third time, mortally ! drops, and is carried out of the battle. The manner of his death ! and how it was received at home. His mother's grief, and England's in general. The generosity of the common people, at the time of rejoicing and illumination. A short address to his mother. The grief of the soldiers in the battle for him. Their generous rage ! impetuous ! and overwhelming united attack of the enemy ! Colonel Howe's station in the field.

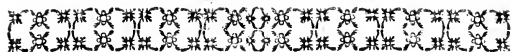
A description of the Anstruthers and Scots, with their broad swords, and the rest of the troops, with their bayonets fix'd ; piercing thro', hewing down whole lanes of carnage ! and rolling the Gallic squadrons before them, in confusion ! General Monckton wounded : his behaviour, and a short parallel between him and General Townshend.

General

General Townshend takes the command. His address, skill, and intrepidity; like Achilles, leading on his myrmidons to battle, to revenge the death of his dear Patroclus! the wounded Ulysses! Diomed! &c. &c. &c. The general rout, and slaughter of Montcalm and his troops. Bougainville's corps appears, just as the rout began: but are soon likewise routed by General Townshend, and our animated troops, and sent full speed, to join the rest in their retreat.


The chase continued to the town of Quebec: our troops mixing with, running down, and taking the Frenchmen prisoners at will, with the surrender of the town and garrison, to General Townshend.





W A R:

B O O K III.

 HERBURG, Du Quesne, Goree, and
Senegal;

Victims, to Britain's fierce resentment
fall!

The like black fate, did Guadaloup betide!
Strong Louisbourg we made our own beside:
The Gallic, captiv'd fleets, in British harbours ride!

Lewis no cause has got, whereof to boast;
Nor Royal GEORGE to grieve, that he Minorca lost.
How fatiate now, Great Britain might sit down!
But Brunswick, still puts on a threat'ning frown!
By Pitt, (resolv'd to awe the wond'ring world!)
Against Quebec, the English thunder's hurl'd!

With

With mischief sure, the bolts destructive fly !
 Guided by Him, who thunders from the sky !
 From Pole, to Pole, great Albion's terror's known !
 She roars in thunder ! and her pow'r they own,
 Amid the frigid and the torrid Zone !

Winter elaps'd, the welcome spring appears ;
 Saunders, aloft, the British ensign rears !
 English, Hibernians, Scotchmen, all combine ;
 With one consent, (resolv'd,) united join,
 T'imbark, and boldly urge the grand design !
 Tents, horses, carrs, are in great plenty shipt !
 And hardy troops, for wasting war equipt !
 For cannonading, 'gainst the Gallic forts ;
 They've pond'rous guns, and shot of various sorts.
 Fuses, and shells, by thousands now they get,
 And brazen mortars, for bombardment fit.
 Cargoes are shipt, of black, infernal grain !
 T'eject the balls, in thunder, on the main :
 With large reserves, from Britain's ordnance store,
 For field artill'ries, on the Gallic shore.

There Albion's, thunders, did most fiercely roar!
 Quebec, (well mann'd!) from Lewis, reeking tore!
 And hid Canadians, weltring in their gore!
 So oft, before, have England's Adm'als hurl'd,
 Great GEORGE's flame, and terror, thro' the world!

Wide o'er the deep, thro' storms, and blust'ring gales,
 Safe to America, our squadron sails.

Provincials there, against Quebec design'd,
 And friendly ships, with Saunders are combin'd.
 Provincials, English, Scotch, Hibernians bold!
 Frown, formidably, dreadful to behold!

Canadian scalping now, before their eyes,
 And butcher'd fathers, mothers, wives, and chil-
 dren rise!

And ev'ry cruel treach'ry, which the Gauls devise!
 Gloomy they low'r, like pond'rous show'rs, when
 born,

Towards a field, of yellow standing corn.
 Till down a deluge comes, with rattling sound,
 And beats the plenteous harvest to the ground;

So Britain's troops, when they remember'd Zell,*
 And scalping knives, frown'd with resentment fell,
 With gen'rous rage! they beat Quebec to ground!
 And recompence most just, the black Canadians
 found.

Saunders proceeds up thro' St. Laurence gulf;
 And sends, (to prowl) on shore, the English Wolfe!
 Who with an (eager,) martial transport flew,
 Upon the black, Canadian, scalping crew!
 Yet warm from Louisbourg, and blood of Gaul!
 He long'd to see the savage scalpers fall.
 Keen threat'ning fires, he shot from wrathful eyes,
 Whilst from his brazen engines, veng'ance flies.
 His manly bosom burn'd, with freeborn flame!
 To spread the terror of his sov'reign's name.
 He burst like fate, against the Indian foe;
 And whelm'd them in the Gallic overthrow!

* The place in Germany, where Monsieur Richlieu, burnt the Orphan House, and so many hundred orphans in it.

To vex the foe, (whom num'rous forts immure,)
 And Britain's fleet from danger to secure,
 Levi at first, and Orleans they possess'd ;
 And to the batt'ring siege, themselves address'd.
 Our troops urg'd on, drove Gauls, and Indians back,
 Resolv'd with speed, the castle to attack.
 As mortal palsies, e'er they seize the heart,
 Attack, and weaken, man's extremest part :
 At length, death urges on the fatal strife,
 Surrounds the breast, attacks the seat of life ;
 So Wolfe devour'd the interjacent ground ;
 Resolv'd advanc'd, and scatter'd terrors round !

Large, and small fascine batt'ries, soon are plann'd ;
 And guns, and murd'ring mortars, quickly mann'd !
 Great store of shells, and shot, and black displod-
 ing grain,
 Are sent on shore, to Wolfe, nor are they sent in
 vain ;
 He deals with martial wrath, destruction thro'
 the plain !

Whilst

Whilst Wolfe, and Saunders, 'gainst Quebec com-
bine,

The French (alarm'd,) had plann'd a dire design,
To execute a dreadful fiery * doom!

And in relentless blaze, the fleet consume.

As Etna oft, with sulph'rous flame, and noise,

Subjacent towns, and cities, quick destroys ;

Whene'er inrag'd, the mountain overflows,

And from its womb, th' infernal mixture throws :

So from Quebec, (adrift,) the Gallic flame ;

Down thro' the Gulf, against brave Saunders came!

Toward the British fleet, the floating terrors ride,

In awful manner born, upon the rapid tide ;

The thronging, blazing deaths, a little fleet appear ! }

Involv'd in pitchy gloom! and cloath'd around }

with fear ! }

As if th' infernal coast, (itself,) was drawing near ! }

* Whilst Gen. Wolfe, and Admiral Saunders, were uniting their utmost efforts, to batter, destroy, and take the town : or bring Monf. de Montcalm, (an able fortunate and brave commander) to battle : the French several times sent down from the town, on the rapid stream, fireships, and boats, full of combustibles, to destroy our shipping, which almost wholly filled the channel. But by the extraordinary skill, and vigilance of Admiral Saunders ; the bravery, and intrepidity of his officers, and sailors, every vessel of this kind sent against them, was tow'd ashore, without doing the least mischief.

Saunders aware, descry'd 'em from afar,
 And soon prepar'd to meet the flaming war!
 Great Britain's tars, toward the danger speed!
 And prov'd they were, true Englishmen indeed!
 For as the Grecians gather'd from a far,
 When Hector urg'd along the flaming war,
 Round Ajax throng'd, his near approach to greet,
 To sell their lives, and save the Grecian fleet.
 (Begirt with Trojans *, on the hero came!
 And high uplifted, bore, the Phrygian flame!)
 Resolv'd they fix'd, nor ever once gave ground,
 Till Hector's flame, in Trojan blood was drown'd!
 So English sailors, glow'd with fierce desires,
 Resolv'd to quell, those num'rous floating fires!

* The whole story, of the battle near the ship of the dead
 Proteus; the compact body, and immoveable resolution, of
 the Grecian Phalanx, around the two Ajaces, and several other
 commanders, opposing the desperate, and formidable onset of
 Hector; (exulting in his having passed the wall, which guarded
 the ships, and the Grecian camp;) begirt with the fiercest, and
 prime warriors of his army, and the numerous bands of the
 then triumphant Trojans, rushing furiously on after, (like a de-
 luge,) with the fiery war: the Grecians struggles to repulse the
 Trojans, and save the fleet; and the Trojans' efforts, to rush
 on, and burn the fleet, with the scale of battle turn'd, by
 the approach of Patroclus, in Achilles's armour, and chariot,
 with Hector's retreat, the Grecian navy sav'd, from Hector's
 flame, the Trojan rout, and carnage, which ensu'd; may be
 read in the thirteen, and sixteenth books of Homer's Iliad.

Boats, throng on boats, as near the fireships drew!
 Clap'd close on board, and chains, and grapples
 threw!

With busy, anxious minds, they boldly wrought!
 And Gallia's burning scheme, reduc'd to nought!
 Canadians, Gauls, frustrated, all in vain,
 Gnashing their teeth, to senseless walls complain,
 Just as a hungry wolf, but slowly flies,
 Whilst dogs, and shepherds, follow with their cries,
 Grinning, oft turns, with fear, and fierce disdain,
 Reluctant runs, and quits the bleating plain,
 His savage fierceness, scarcely can with-hold,
 So grinn'd Quebec, by providence controul'd!
 So fled their tars, when our brave tars appear'd!
 They heard their shouts, their boist'rous greeting
 fear'd.

Tho' sev'ral ships, with fires infernal glow'd!
 From larboard, starboard clear, each flame was
 tow'd!

Whilst Brunswick's ships, at anchor safely rode.

Britain exult! to wond'ring nations tell,
 Thy tars, wou'd grapple with a floating hell!
 Thus oft, the French sent down their horrid fires,
 As oft our, failors glow'd with fierce desires,
 To grapple with the flaming sulph'rous war!
 T'oppose their boats! and all their schemes to mar!
 Where flame, and death, and war, tumultous rage!
 There shout the British tars! and with delight en-
 gage!

As Grecians turn'd the burning war to Troy,
 And did that long defended town destroy,
 Saunders, and Wolfe, and Holmes, repay'd the
 Gauls ;
 And brought Great Britain's thunder to their walls.

From Levi's Point, Wolfe's rapid storm came down!
 Saunders below, and Holmes above the town,
 (Intent on war, in fulminating fort,)
 Eject their bolts, to raze the Gallic fort.

From

From ships, and batt'ries, (with destruction stor'd)
In triple concert, England's veng'ance roar'd.

On Levi's Point, Wolfe ruminating stood ;
Thence Montcalm's camp, and strong Quebec he
view'd.

Quebec! whose base, was on a lofty rock !
Dispos'd to stand, amidst the fiercest shock !
Tho' English fleets, the garrison surround!
And English armies, throng th' adjacent ground!
Like those, on Babylon's stupendous wall ! *
Who fear'd no foes, tho' heav'n shou'd threat the fall!
By art, and nature form'd, for strong defence !
With proud disdain! the French look'd down from
thence.

* The people of Babylon, when the city was besieged, look'd down with a fearless disdain, on the troops which beleaguere'd the walls, and trusted to their stupendous height, and strength. So Quebec, both by art and nature, was most strongly fortify'd, and render'd capable of an obstinate defence.

On glorious death, or well earn'd conquest bent :
 Wolfe, with his troops, to Montmorenci * went :
 Attack'd the trenches, brav'd the num'rous foe !
 Who sculk'd behind their banks, and fear'd an
 overthrow.

The time decisive now, come on to florm,
 And death put on, a fierce, tremendous form !
 His vanguard, were the terrors of the night !
 Wolfe, Monckton, Townshend, whetted for the
 fight !

English, Hibernians, Caledonians, arm'd
 With native rage, for dang'rous battle warm'd !
 Provincials too, with emulation came !
 And march'd intrepid, to the field of fame,
 And British tars, as strong reserves await ;
 To join the chace, or favour the retreat,

* The place, near where Monf. Montcalm was entrench'd.

Invirion'd thus, midst terrors on he came !
 With Britain's thunderbolts, and sulph'rous flame !

Now near the shore, th' assailing forces drew,
 And leaden deaths, (like hail,) in volleys flew.
 English, Canadians, French, drop all around ;
 Guns, men, and blood, bestrew the flipp'ry ground.
 French deep-mouth'd guns, disgorge their murd'r-
 ing glut !

From front to rear, wide lanes of carnage cut !
 Descending bombs, (from num'rous forts of Gaul,)
 Among the troops, and boats, in plenty fall !
 Promiscuous kill ! with fulminating light,
 Displode, and add, new terrors to the fight !
 The troops, and tars, rush'd on, with martial wrath !
 Thro' floods of flame ! and deluges of death !
 Wolfe, and his men, thro' dangers, speed to shore !
 Where Gallic guns, and murd'ring mortars roar !
 Gauls, and Canadians, mix'd, engage ten deep !
 Our troops attempt, an ascent, rough, and steep !

And

And on the neck of danger, dare to land !

Where Gallia's thick mud banks, were ten times
mann'd !

At length retreat ; (for numbers gain'd the day,)
Whilst Peyton *, 'mongst the dead, and wounded
lay.

Not far : (descending to the shades of night ;)
Lay Ochterlony †, in a dismal plight !
Their two great hearts, by martial glow were fir'd !
And both their souls, sweet friendship's flame in-
spir'd !

Of characters unblam'd ! and free from stains !
Link'd firm as fate, in amicable chains !
The grenadiers, wou'd fain their help bestow ;
And bear them (wounded,) from the scene of woe !
No gen'rous friends ! the Caledonian said !
Bear that brave man, (in safety,) from the dead !
Pointing to Peyton, with his fractur'd bone :
Here let me lie, and bleed to death alone.

* Mr. Peyton, was an Irish gentleman, Lieut. of Capt. Och-terlony's company of grenadiers.

† Mr. Ochterlony, was a Scotch gentleman, and captain of a company of Royal American grenadiers. He, and Mr. Peyton, were inseparable friends, and of unblemish'd characters.

Peyton refus'd, with generous disdain !
 To leave his friend, upon the hostile plain !
 Fierce as the dragon, guards th' Hesperian fruit,
 Lay bleeding, (warm'd) to meet the dread dispute !

Here seems for death, an emulating strife,
 Peyton some minutes, guards departing life ;
 And Ochterlony, with his dying breath,
 Begs Peyton's rescue, from the field of death !

As there they lay among the num'rous slain,
 Two scalping murderers, (with cruel mein,)
 Join'd by a Gaul, towards the warriors drew ;
 And acted like a plund'ring * highway crew.
 Now Ochterlony rose, from off the ground :
 (Tho' pain'd, and bleeding, from a mortal † wound !)

* They took Mr. Peyton's laced hat from him, and robbed Capt. Ochterlony of his watch, and money, then one of the Indians, attempted to knock his brains out, with his firelock, and the other discharged into his body, and stabbed him with his scalping knife.

† He was shot thro' the lungs, with a musket ball : were no sword in the action, and was obliged to drop his fusée, long before ; so that now, he was quite unarm'd.

Within

Within his reach, no friendly weapon saw,
 Wherewith to deal, the Caledonian blow !
 Else, doubtless, all, his mighty blows had felt !
 And fall'n beneath the strokes, his rage had dealt !
 As dying lions, wide destruction spread !
 Crush dogs, and men ! and sink, together, dead !
 With firelock's clubb'd, they fought to lay him low,
 And on his shoulder *, laid the pond'rous blow !
 Another, full of savage, (Gallic) wrath !
 Pour'd in his breast, a load * of leaden death !
 Not satiate yet, a third effort he made ;
 And thro' his belly, plung'd his scalping * blade !
 Most fiercely kneeling †, midst his murd'ring foes,
 His naked hands, still parry'd off their blows !
 He call'd to wounded Peyton, deeply pain'd ;
 And of the outrage, to his friend complain'd ‡.

*** One of the Indians, attempted to knock him on the head, missed the blow, and laid it on his shoulder ; the other discharged into his breast and stabbed him in the belly with his scalping knife. He still stood, and call'd to Mr. Peyton, O Peyton ! the villain has shot me !

† They brought him on his knees, by repeated blows and efforts, and thought to strangle him with his sash : but he, still (tho' so often and deadly wounded,) with surprising exertion, baffled them : and after all, got into the town, lived some days, and died there.

‡ He cried out, O Peyton ! the villain has shot me !

As rush'd the Trojan hero *, from the shade,
 And dealt destruction, with his mortal blade !
 Soon as he saw, (the fatal,) yawning wound !
 And a brave dying friend, upon the ground !
 Like him, fierce Peyton, straightway, boldly rear'd !
 Defiance frown'd ! and both the Indians dar'd !
 Rouz'd, tho' in pain ! 'twixt bravery, and hate !
 He groan'd in † flame ! and sent the leaden fate !
 Which gain'd th' event, the gallant Peyton hop'd,
 By death arrested, down an Indian dropp'd !
 On Ochterlony fell, (design'd his prey !)
 And grinning, groan'd his savage foul away !
 When Furio saw his mate, bereav'd of life,
 Frowning he grasp'd, his fatal, scalping knife !
 Fiercely, toward the wounded Peyton sped !
 In fancy seiz'd his scalp, and doom'd him dead !
 The bold Hibernian, still unconquer'd stood !
 His fractur'd leg, pour'd out the vital blood !

* Nifus, who with Uryalus, issued from Eneas's camp, slew Rhamnes, Rhemus, and many others, of the enemy's camp, and marched onward, to warn Eneas of their danger: but were met by Volscens, in the wood, with 300 horse, two of which, besides Volscens, Nifus slew, in revenge of the gallant Uryalus, slain by them.

† Mr. Peyton had a double barrell'd fusée.

Tho' his firm heart, of blood, was nearly drain'd !
 Repenting rage, and courage, yet remain'd !
 Tho' wounded, left, upon the hostile field !
 To Indian foes, he greatly scorn'd to yield !
 For as the savage, nearer to him drew,
 His scorn encreas'd, and resolution grew !
 On one foot poiz'd again, he boldly fir'd :
 But fate deny'd, the great event desir'd !
 The Indian's breast, receiv'd the missive ball :
 But still, unshock'd, as if it struck a wall ;
 He shew'd no sign of pain, and scorn'd to fall !
 'Gainst Peyton, he, the leaden ruin sent :
 Which ah ! full sure, the hero's shoulder rent !
 Then onward rush'd, full of Canadian pride !
 His bay'net flesh'd, and thrust it thro' his side.
 The second thrust, he found himself deceiv'd ;
 Peyton's left hand, the sanguin'd point receiv'd ;
 Which seiz'd the musket, with uncommon wrath !
 Whilst his right hand, drew forth the glitt'ring *
 death.

He play'd again, the brave Hibernian's part ;
 And plung'd his faithful dagger to his heart !

* Mr. Peyton, luckily wore a dagger.

Now hand, to hand, they join, and face, to face!
 And grasp, and struggle, in a close embrace!
 For prey, the Indian, still maintain'd the strife:
 Peyton, for vict'ry fought, for fame, and life!
 He oft his dagger plung'd, and groan'd, and frown'd,
 And spurn'd th' infernal scalper to the ground!

So wounded tygers, on East Indian plains,
 Run down by blacks, and vex'd with pungent pains;
 Drop to the ground, and seem to pant for breath,
 A prey, almost, to grim, all conqu'ring death:
 But on th' approach, of black pursuing foes,
 Again reviv'd, their innate courage glows:
 Rampant, they rear, and roar, and swing their tails;
 With deadly fangs, and lacerating nails;
 They tear, and kill, and stain the place with blood!
 Walk growling off! and shelter in the wood!
 As Peyton limp'd, with cruciating pain,
 After he had Canadian scalpers slain.

A band* of savage Indians, now drew near :
 But Peyton fac'd, as if forgot to fear.
 As if grim death, had brandish'd high his dart ;
 They stood aloof, and terror fill'd each heart !
 So Ajax turn'd and frown'd at Illium's tow'r's ;
 When Grecians fled, from conq'ring Trojan pow'rs ;
 A living bulwark, in the rear remain'd ;
 The chase retarded, and the charge sustain'd !
 The mean soul'd French, seem'd on his death intent ;
 And from the breastwork, thund'ring volleys sent.
 Peyton, (as if, invulnerable,) stood,
 Sedate in pain, their grov'ling rancour view'd.
 For Mighty Fate, frustrated spiteful Gauls ;
 To right, and left, wide flew the hissing balls !
 As he such wonders, in their fight had done !
 So bravely fought ! and dear bought vict'ry won !

* These were a company of above 30, in full march, to destroy him : but when he fac'd about, the foremost halted, and waited to be join'd by their fellows, but he kept them all at a distance, till three brave Highlanders, (detached from a small party, headed by Capt. Macdonald, a Scotch gentleman,) came to his timely rescue, and carried him off the field of battle.

French harmless cannon, took a random aim!
 They roar'd applause! and thunder'd loud acclaim!

Macdonald * now, (with emulating flame,)
 Amid furrounding dangers, fiercely came:
 And with his little party, rush'd along,
 Before him, French and Indians, fearful throng.
 As bears, when chas'd, will sometimes make a stand,
 And rush triumphant, thro' the hunting band;
 For stolen cubs, with double fury burn!
 And scatter death, which way so'er they turn!
 So for his fall'n friend, Macdonald stray'd,
 And bore him from the field of battle dead.
 As round he turn'd, his anxious busy sight,
 He saw brave Peyton, in distressed plight:
 Sent three fierce Highlanders, across the field;
 Who from the savages, the hero shield.

* Mr. Macdonald was a Scotch gentleman, a captain in Col. Frazer's battalion, who came for a young gentleman his kinsman, who dropped on the field of battle, and bore him in triumph off, against all opposition.

'Midst volleys*, flame*, and deaths*, and Gallic*
fire;

With him, (triumphant,) from the foes retire!
Like Scipio†, thro' the field, with carnage strow'd;
So he, upon the Scotchman's shoulders rode!
Now providence once more, espous'd their cause;
Again, French cannon, harmless roar'd applause!

Here brightly shines, another glorious strife,
Th' Hibernian‡ fav'd the Caledonian's ‡ life:
And now Macdonald, thirsting after fame,
(From Indian knives,) to Peyton's rescue came.

**** They were about 60 yards from the enemy's breast-work, and troops, who kept a continual fire of cannon, and small arms, on him and them, but they got all triumphant off.

† Young Scipio, took his father on his shoulders, when in danger, and carried him thro' the enemy's battle, to a place of safety. It may be read in the Carthaginian war.

‡‡ Mr. Peyton at first, killed the Indians attempting to kill Capt. Ochterlony; and now Mr. Macdonald, a Scotch Captain, rescues Mr. Peyton from a party of Indians coming down upon him: the whole story may be read at large, in the British Magazine of January, 1760.

Repuls'd,

Repuls'd, and vex'd, uncertain of supplies;
 Wolfe view'd the lofty town, with ardent eyes!
 And whilst he plann'd the methods to prevail,
 (Resolv'd he wou'd the garrison assail;)
 His mighty soul, within his bosom rag'd,
 And war intestine, with his body wag'd.
 His enterprizing mind, by glory fir'd!
 To honour's summit, emulous aspir'd!
 His genius active! but his body slow!
 To counteract, the strong, the Gallic foe!
 As guns are worn, by fierce expanding flame;
 Resolves intrepid, shook his tender frame!

Tho' first, the landing in dispute was held,
 And Britain's troops by numbers were repell'd;
 Like hungry lions, (foaming for their prey;)
 Our troops again prepare to force their way.
 As ev'ry grain, with joint impulsive force,
 The bullet urges, in its rapid course;

Soldiers *, and sailors *, join'd against the Gauls,
 With bombs, and bullets, raz'd the hostile walls.
 French, and Canadians, under covert get ;
 Death glances swift, along the parapet.
 Rais'd up aloft, descending death comes down,
 Like Egypt's hail, upon the subject town !
 Which mix'd with fierce æthereal flame around,
 Beat man, and beast, and cattle to the ground !
 So glancing bombs, dance madly thro' the street :
 And with dislosion fierce, their houses greet :
 Which piece-meal torn, to open view display'd,
 The bases of the strongest domes are laid !
 Men, women, children, midst the flame are lost !
 To atoms rent ! and into nothing tost !
 With these, the flaming carcases conspire,
 To scatter ruin, and devouring fire !

** It is very remarkable, the union that subsisted between the soldiers and sailors, during the long, tedious, and dangerous siege ; always ready and active, to support and assist each other, and seem'd never better pleas'd, than when an opportunity offer'd of exerting themselves for each other : as if fir'd by emulation, who cou'd show themselves most alert, to gain a glorious name, and stand with the most intrepid souls, the greatest shock of danger.

British,

British, and Gallic guns, and mortars found;
 With roar destructive, shake th' adjacent ground!
 Shrieks! groans! and yells! and hostile shouts!
 are heard around!

Such noise heard Satan, (that deceiver fell;)
 When on the verge of chaos, night, and hell.
 With eager speed, they guns, and mortars ply:
 And thronging deaths, of lead, and iron fly!
 Our troops roar death, against the batter'd walls!
 And death, receive again, from fretful Gauls!

As moles, to subterraneous holes betake;
 So engineers, (unseen,) approaches make:
 Prepar'd (like earthquakes, tumid, from below,
 To rise destructive, with fulphureous glow!
 And raze the town, and fort, with instant overthrow!
 Wolfe, and his troops, (with slow advances) steal,
 Towards the town, still anxious to prevail.
 Saunders, incessant plies his double tiers:
 Makes breach, on breach, and multiplies their fears!

With full ten thousand, Montcalm keeps the trench :
 Canadians, mix'd with trembling, tim'rous French !
 Quebec holds out, and much surrender dreads ;
 Wolfe shakes his flaming veng'ance o'er their heads !
 Conscious of British blood, by murder spilt !
 Of treaties broke ! and sportive scalping guilt !
 Of mothers ripp'd, and helpless infants cries !
 Which calls for sweeping judgment from the skies !
 They roll with gloomy dread, their haggard eyes !

Mean while, brave Amherst, Johnston, Rogers,
 warm

With native zeal, the Continent alarm !

Townshend, and Bradstreet, Prideaux, Howe, ad-
 vance ;

With Forbes, Schomberg, 'gainst the friends of
 France.

Braddick, and Abercromby, bold, arose ;

And wag'd unequal war, against our foes.

Amherst

Amherst drove on, cloath'd in stern war's alarms !
 And spread the terror of Britannia's arms !
 (Thro' pathless dangers; and thro' deep defiles,) }
 From ambush safe, and base Canadian wiles; }
 He past victorious, heav'n propitious smiles ! }
 So Hannibal, o'er Alpine mountains sped,
 And Carthaginians against the Romans led !

Before him forts, towns, corn, and plenty stood ! }
 Behind, black desolation might be view'd ! }
 Bulwarks unmann'd ! and trenches drench'd in }
 blood ! }

Canadian carnage, round the rampiers lay !
 And treach'rous Gallic blood, mark'd out his way !
 Provincials rage, and British heroes glow,
 For grand revenge, against the scalping foe !
 And like that death, which much fam'd Milton made,
 Whom Satan found amid th' infernal shade ;
 And told him straight, he shou'd mankind devour,
 He blest'd his maw, and wish'd the happy hour ;

Grinn'd horrid smiles! and brandish'd high his dart!
 Prepar'd to strike each living creature's heart!
 So these rejoice, (inrag'd,) with vengeful gloom!
 Anticipate the day, and fix Canadia's doom!
 They burn within, with fierce, and martial treads,
 Their broad fwords draw, and wave 'em o'er their
 heads!
 They knit their brows, and with a stern disdain,
 They frown defiance thro' the hostile plain!
 For savage Montcalm, in their minds remain'd,
 Who tamely stood, while Gallic Indians stain'd
 With British conquer'd blood, Fort William's *
 plains,
 Ripp'd mothers up, and dash'd out infants brains!

As

* When Fort William, (as well as I can remember,) was taken in America, by Monsieur Montcalm, after the surrender of the fort, and our troops were marching out, (according to capitulation :) the Indians fell upon our soldiers, as they passed on, with their wives and children, and began to knock down, strip, and butcher, men, women, and children, promiscuously! whilst Monsieur Montcalm, and the French troops, stood and looked tamely on the dispersion! confusion! and carnage of the English! and on being asked by some gentlemen, (who fled to them, and claim'd their protection,) why they suffered this outrage, and cruelty? Montcalm, answered them in a frivolous manner, something to this purport: that they were a desperate, savage sort of people; scarcely to be kept within bounds; their good friends and allies, served them for what plunder they could get; and claimed it as their due; (tho' sore against his will;) and

As when fierce tygers roar amid the wood,
 Hunting for prey, full scent on human blood;
 The trav'ler hears, and wing'd with dread surprize!
 To distant shelter, for his safety flies!
 So veng'ance Amherst roar'd, the French and In-
 dians creep,
 To woods, and caves, and forts, like flocks of
 tim'rous sheep!

Now on the wings of time, the morn appear'd,
 Whose dread approach, Quebec so greatly fear'd.
 When Montcalm, and his troops, shou'd quit the
 field:
 To Monckton, Wolfe, and Townshend, vanquish'd
 yield!

and as the case stood, they being so resolute, and ungovernable, he could not well tell how to restrain them. However, several who escaped in the general tumult, fled back to him, and had the great humanity shown them, to be preserved from butchery. Whilst the Indians, still continued to glut themselves, in plundering, scalping, ripping womens bodies, and dashing childrens brains out! at least, if all this was not done there; it was done at other places several times.

The

The martial trine, ascend the hostile hill,
 The troops inspir'd, a manly ardour feel !
 They clamber up, the ascent, rough, and steep ;
 Retarded oft, and oft times forc'd to creep !
 From bough, to bough, themselves they onward
 drew ;

Their resolution, with the danger grew !
 Most nobly rous'd, to act beyond compare !
 And show the world, how much true Britons dare !
 To give the French, another specimen,
 Like Poitiers, Cressy, Blenheim, Dettingen !
 And like the (sturdy,) British troops of old ;
 With whom the Henrys oft the Gauls controul'd ;
 Onward they trod, with great heroic glow,
 To hew thro' squadrons of the num'rous foe !
 Who from a four gun fort, to flight betake,
 As Wolfe, and Monckton, their approaches make ;
 With which our troops, the flying Frenchmen rake !

Rapid as torrents, when they downward sweep !
 Howe, and his corps, ascend the rocky steep,

They

They clear'd the path, the guards dislodg'd pursu'd,
 And all our troops upon the summit stood.
 There undisturb'd they rang'd, in dread array !
 E'er Phœbus thither roll'd the car of day.

Their near approach, alarm'd the threaten'd town,
 And now, death wore, a formidable frown !
 He fill'd the battlements of hostile walls ;
 To right, and left sustain'd, by troops of Gauls !
 Canadians black, fill'd up the howling rear :
 And female shrieks, and tremor, and pale fear ;
 And shatter'd flaming domes, close at their heels
 appear !

Now Montcalm, dares t' evacuate the trench :
 (Six thousand Britons brave, ten thousand French.)
 Montcalm, whose name is brought, by fame, from
 far ;
 In battle brave ! and much expert in war !

On whom, all France, and Lewis, had an eye ;
 On whose try'd conduct, chiefly they rely !
 Montcalm ! who had so long, great Wolfe with-
 flood ;

And as a dam, repels a mighty flood ;
 (Well vers'd in war, back'd by Canadian force,
 Stopp'd the brave warrior, in his rapid course !
 Thus at a bay, retarded, not repell'd ;
 Cape Breton's scourge, and England's troops were
 held !

Nought can the will of mighty fate oppose ;
 For Montcalm dares, and Wolfe with ardour glows !
 The hour is come, and now their eager feet !
 Advance with speed, in fierce assault to meet ;
 And with a hostile frown, each other greet !
 So Anthony, dar'd Cesar once t' oppose ;
 And ne'er since then, till now, met two such foes !

At stake, on fortune of the doubtful day,
 Canadia's weal, and Britain's honour lay.

Tho'

Tho' the spruce Gauls, and Indians, rudely sneer'd,
 And ask'd how Wolfe, and his eight thousand dar'd,
 To come so far, against their strong Quebec;
 Drawn by fond hope, to give their arms a check?
 Advis'd he'd go, and this for truth report;
 I can't attack, much less reduce the fort;
 For Montcalm occupies the hostile plain;
 Whose camp I cannot force*, nor charge* sustain!
 Wolfe, like a lion growl'd, when held at bay;
 And roar'd an answer, on this fatal day.

** On the arrival of Admiral Saunders, with General Wolfe, and the troops near Quebec, when the French understood he had but 8000 troops with him, it is reported, they almost sneer'd at him with disdain; confiding in the lofty, and strong situation of the place; and the almost double number of regulars, they had entrench'd near the town, at the only attackable spot, under a bold, enterprising, and fortunate General; Monsieur de Montcalm, and asked where he had left the keys of Quebec? and in a taunting manner, wou'd have him return, and ask his king for them; for he cou'd not force the bars of their gates: not daring to approach near enough; because Monsieur de Montcalm occupied the vacant plain, and formed a living outwork round their rampart, too dreadful for his near approaches; and before whose war he cou'd not stand, if he chose to evacuate the trenches, and give him battle! but how contrary, the great, (and almost unhop'd for) event, of all these vaunts was, every one is so well acquainted with it, that it needs no recital here. And I wish I could say, needs no grief, for the loss of so great a patriot, and brave commander.

With

With rested arms, behold our troops advance,
 To meet the coming num'rous troops of France.
 The Highlanders discharg'd, their broad swords
 drew ;
 And close to battle, with the Frenchmen flew !
 The rest, as fiercely charg'd the troops of Gaul :
 When lo, Wolfe's wrist, was broken by a ball.
 (Sound was his heart,) he wrapp'd it up undrest !
 And (unconcern'd) among the foremost prest !
 Like to a lion, whom the dogs surround,
 By hunters vex'd, and rous'd by painful wound ;
 The fearless beast, does all their terrors dare,
 He growls, and foams, and shakes his shaggy hair !
 Aloft they stand, nor dare provoke the fight ;
 He roars aloud, with new collected might !
 With rage indignant now, his tail he swings !
 He looks ! and in a storm of death he springs !
 O'er dogs, and horse, and men, his course is bent '
 Whose bodies strew the way, the gen'rous savage
 went !

Thus

Thus with a rage, most lion like, he turn'd !
 His indignation, 'gainst the Frenchmen burn'd !
 So Wolfe, and Britons, pierc'd the French array !
 And breathless carcases point out his way !
 Where-e'er he turns, death finds an ample prey !
 Thousands recede, and those who dare to stand,
 Are hewn in lanes, by his victorious band !

A wound, e'er long, a second bullet gave,
 And in his belly, dug a sanguin'd grave.
 (Fearing his wounds might spread a wild dismay !
 And fix the dubious fortune of the day :)
 With well dissembled ease, he onward trod,
 Whilst crimson'd life, (unseen,) in torrents flow'd !
 In that dread fight ! at fam'd Thermopylæ !
 So * ebb'd the Spartan's stream of life away !

Whilst

* Long after Leonidas, (the gallant king of Lacedæmon, in the battle at the pass of Thermopylæ,) had received a wound in his flank ; he still rush'd on, bore nations down ! thinn'd the thick wedg'd growing ranks of Barbarians ! and roll'd the
 Asian

Whilst he alone, (with hostile hosts inclos'd,)
 Hew'd wasteful voids ! and all their pow'r oppos'd !
 Who, (tho' a king, in freedom's glorious cause,)
 Fell a glad victim, for his country's laws !
 Millions of thronging darts, obscur'd the skies !
 He falls, all o'er one wound, no more to rise !
 Fixt as a rock, his fame ! his honour never dies !
 So bleeding Wolfe march'd, on without dismay !
 To glory's goal, he mark'd his purple way !

But ah ! alas ! 'gainst fate, what proof is found !
 His manly breast, receives a mortal wound !
 Tho' sinking down, amid the gloom of death,
 The patriot's bosom glow'd with martial wrath !
 And whilst the shades of night upon him steal,
 Most anxiously demands, Do we prevail ?
 He heard we did, and e'er the hero dy'd,
 He own'd himself compleatly satisfy'd !

Asian legions back confounded, with his impetuous charge !
 till faint with loss of blood, and pain, his body throng'd with
 wounds, o'erwearied with the long continued battle, almost
 fated with slaughter, and born down by millions, he fell, a no-
 ble instance of that magnanimity, with which the spirit of free-
 dom animates a patriot's soul !

Cato,

Cato, self wounded dy'd, and scorn'd to yield :
 But Wolfe, was slain, amid the glorious field !
 Th' unwelcome fatal news, to England flies ;
 And whilst the loud acclaims of joy arise,
 For conquest, on Canadia's cruel shore ;
 They mourn the hero, and his loss deplore !
 Maternal fondness, heart felt grief express'd !
 And all the mother, stood to view confess'd !
 Fondly absorpt ! she seem'd, in briny woe !
 And sympathizing Britain felt the blow !
 The mighty, warlike GEORGE, too condescends,
 To own his worth, and royal pity blends !
 Then sigh'd, the much renowned Ligonier !
 Heroes hold heroes, eminently dear !
 The much lov'd Pitt, his eloquence display'd,
 In due encomiums, on the worthy dead !
 Such was his rhet'rick ! such the force of truth !
 So great the actions of the gen'ral's youth !
 In lords, and commons, such the grateful flame !
 They vote a monument of lasting fame !
 With glorious truth, his honour to display !
 Till marble blocks, (themselves,) shall fade away !

The living leaders, gain'd a due regard !
 Brunswick applauds ! and Britain shouts reward !
 Each patriot mourn'd ! each warring leader sigh'd !
 E'en cowards griev'd, when Wolfe, the hero dy'd.
 Among the fair ones, plaintive murmurs ran ;
 We've lost the foldier ! warrior ! gentleman !
 A fullen gloom, invades the English coast,
 One of our brightest constellations lost !
 Yet from our souls, he never shall depart ;
 Most gloriously intomb'd in ev'ry heart !
 The Plebeian * crowd, a grateful ardour felt ;
 And nobly, with his mournful parent dealt.
 Adjacent great ones *, scorn'd to be outdone,
 Politely pensive, mourn'd her worthy son :
 No fires * there blaz'd ! nor bright illuminations
 shone !
 But all in secret, (with accustom'd light,)
 Pity, applaud, and oft recount the fight !

*** I often heard it reported, that the common people, (when news came that Quebec was taken, and General Wolfe killed;) generously refus'd to ring, make any bonfires, or any kind of tumultuous joy, where General Wolfe's mother lived; and that the people of superior rank around her, as politely and generously refused to make an illumination; but fullenly seem'd to sympathize, and share her grief. A noble generosity !

To neighb'ring nations, this your fame shall found,
 In sad regret, the gen'ral joy was drown'd.
 This show'd your value for the patriot more,
 Than blazing joy, join'd with deep throated roar.
 By striplings (now,) in future days grown old,
 This pleasing tale, shall to their sons be told ;
 Whilst Wolfe's sad mother, for her darling wept,
 The tumult round her dome, in mute oblivion slept !

Hail happy woman ! mother of a son !
 Who may be equall'd ! never be outdone !
 This be thy boast, thy son, (Britannia's pride !)
 Like great Leonidas *, and Titus † dy'd !

G 2

Their

* Leonidas was a Spartan king, descended from Hercules ; who offered to sacrifice his life, that Lacedæmon might not be entirely destroyed by Xerxes, who made an attack upon their countries and liberties, with an army of about four or five millions : and as the Delphic oracle had foretold, a king descended from Hercules must die, to preserve their country ; Leonidas immediately repaired to that important pass, of the much famed Thermopylæ, with three hundred of his countrymen ; who, with the forces of some other cities of the Peloponnesus, together with the Thebans, Thespians, and the troops of those
 states ;

Their dying arms, gave num'rous foes a check !
 Thy dying son, was conqu'ror at Quebec !
 At noon of life, his glory's race was run !
 Bright as meridian blaze, his setting sun !
 England will ever hold his mem'ry dear !
 From age, to age, the name of Wolfe revere !

For Wolfe first rose, and with a dreaded frown,
 Rush'd on the Gauls, and press'd toward the town !

states ; compos'd an army, of near eight thousand men. With these he oft engaged, slew, trod down, and chased the Asiatics ! who might be called a host of armies ! but for the last fatal encounter, he reserved only about fourteen hundred with him, viz. about three hundred Spartans ; four hundred Thebans ; and seven hundred Thespians. With these he most bravely attacked the camp of Xerxes, forced his way to the royal pavilion ! burnt half the camp ! and made an incredible slaughter ! but at length he fell, overpowered by millions ! not till he might almost be called a conqueror, even in the center of the enemy's camp.

† Titus was a young Roman warrior, son to Æmilius, consul of Rome, and governor of Aquileia ; and endued with that magnanimity, and spirit of freedom, and valour, for which the antient Romans were so much famed. He made a vigorous sally on the camp of Maximin ; sustained by his brother Paulus, and the valiant Gartha, a Numidian officer in the troops of Æmilius. Gartha returned wounded from the battle : Paulus and Titus, the two brothers, were surrounded by an host of foes ; born down, and taken prisoners ; not till they had formed an heap of carnage round them, and burnt the tower raised against the wall of Aquileia. But by means of the impetuous rage of the British legions, in the camp of Maximin, headed by Varus, whom Maximin slew ; they were set at liberty, and Titus at the head of their relentless war, slew Maximin. But e'er the battle closed, received his mortal wound, and died in Aquileia.

And

And with his little army, dar'd advance,
 Against ten thousand regulars of France.
 (With many Indian tribes, drawn from afar,
 For scalping, ambush, and the butch'ring war.
 But these, to combat fair, scarce ever dar'd,
 Where biting Caledonian broad swords glar'd.
 To ambuscades they run, in shade they lie ;
 Nor stand the light'ning of an English eye !)

As billows spread, when dashing on a rock ;
 (Which stands unmov'd, amid the pond'rous shock ;)
 They fall in froth, and foam on ev'ry side,
 Blended, and lost, amidst the briny tide.
 So when their troops, our frowning troops beheld ;
 Receiv'd their shock, and found themselves repell'd ;
 And saw fierce Highlanders, their broad swords
 wield !

They soon fell off, disorder'd, thro' the field !
 Now fell brave Wolfe ! whose presence oft inspir'd
 With emulating glow ! and ev'ry warrior fir'd !

The brave defenders of Britannia's weal ;
 Which fought round Wolfe, and saw grim death
 prevail,

Rous'd by esteem, and love ! with mighty rage !

Prepar'd most fiercely, with the foe t' engage !

Each lov'd the man ! the warrior all esteem'd !

Their leader ! friend ! and martial ! father deem'd !

Revenge ! revenge ! injur'd Britannia calls !

As mighty cat'racts roar from lofty falls !

They shout ! unite ! and rush upon the Gauls !

And like a pond'rous overwhelming flood !

They swept along ! and glutted death with food !

And Frenchmen mourn'd Wolfe's fall, in streams
 of blood !

Howe, and his infantry*, amidst the doubtful
 field,

Round the left flank, and rear, in semicircle wheel'd ;

A living rampart form'd, a fierce offensive shield !

* It is said, in an account of the battle, that Col. Howe with his light infantry, covered the left wing and rear in such a manner, as entirely to frustrate the attempts of the enemy's Indians, and Canadians, upon that flank.

By these, the charging enemy, were oft repell'd;
 Broken, dispers'd, o'eraw'd, and at due distance
 held !
 Or down in carnage trod, in close engagement fell'd !

E'er Gallia's troops, to wild disorder yield;
 Reluctant next, brave Monckton quits the field.
 Oft frowning turn'd, and ey'd the hostile Gauls;
 Like great Eneas, near Laurentum's walls.
 Soldiers, and sailors, jointly, all agreed,
 Bold Monckton wou'd have done, what Townshend
 did.

Did Townshend's bosom, glow with martial flame,
 Monckton had ardour, equal to the same.
 Did Townshend brave th' impetuous Gallic wrath !
 So Monckton dar'd ! midst show'rs of leaden death !
 Was Townshend there, a Gen'ral in command,
 In that exalted rank, might Monckton stand.
 Was honour, death, or vict'ry, Townshend's aim !
 Conquest, or death, was gallant Monckton's claim !

Each with indiff'rence, hostile dangers view'd;
 And the great end, with souls resolv'd pursu'd.
 Monckton led on, to fierce encounter bent;
 Till thro' his lungs, the rapid ball was sent.
 Th' ill fated bullet, nipt his soul's design,
 And sent him wounded, from th' advancing line.
 He fain wou'd reap the honour of the day;
 But fate demands him from the glorious fray!

As fierce Achilles, on the Phrygian plain,
 When brave Patroclus, was by Hector slain;
 And sage Ulysses, from the battle sent,
 Came limping, wounded, near the hero's tent;
 Frowning rush'd on, in mighty transport tost!
 And with his pow'rs, rejoin'd the friendly host!
 He, and his myrmidons, like torrents flow'd!
 Repell'd! bore down! and o'er the Trojans trod!
 So Townshend, and his troops, to battle throng!
 And urge the war, triumphantly along!

Here Townshend's skill, and heroism shone !
 Two Gen'als dropp'd, and he was left alone,
 To lead, encourage, cheer each soldier's mind !
 A work, ev'n three, an arduous task wou'd find !

Howe ! Murray ! Frazer ! Burton ! Dalling, bold !
 Like sparkling gems, in bars of polish'd gold,
 'Mongst hardy ranks, conspicuously appear !
 In front, in flanks, the center, or the rear !
 Macdonald ! Ince ! with equal glory shine !
 Fam'd in the glorious war of fifty nine !
 Leaders, and soldiers, with one warring soul,
 Thro' blood, and flame, and death to honour's gaol,
 Onward they plung'd, with veng'ance fiercely pleas'd !
 With sanguin'd grasp'd, the palm of vict'ry seiz'd !
 The dying Wolfe, the shouts of conquest heard !
 The welcome sound, the bleeding Monckton cheer'd !

As when a gen'rous bull, has broke his chain,
 Lays heaps, on heaps, o'er all the frightened plain,
Sweeps

Sweeps thro' the throng, and with resistless wrath,
 Spurns, tosses, gores, and tramples crowds to death !
 So, thro' the ranks of war, Macpherson hew'd !
 With martial soul, and manly arm endu'd !
 Tho' with the weight of weak'ning years oppress'd,
 Finds youthful ardour glowing in his breast !-
 That weight of years, no longer seems to feel ;
 But deals out death, with bright avenging steel !
 Or as the Sons of Scotland, once before,
 When they descended on Cape Breton's shore ;
 Forc'd thro' the French, with fierce Herculean
 might,
 And triumph'd 'midst the dangers of the fight !
 He lifts his sword, and with repeated blow,
 As peasants thro' a field of barley mow,
 He lays the Gauls in heaps, in sanguin'd over-
 throw !

This saw our troops, and quick, from man, to man,
 (As trains of powder blaze,) an ardour ran !
 Grown greatly emulous, (with fixed thought,)
 Each like a Hector, or Achilles fought !

The Anstruthers and Scots, with mutual wrath!
 In Frenchmens bodies oft, their broad swords
 sheath !
 And onward tread, amid refulgent death !
 Where'er they turn'd, a transient brightness gleam'd;
 Which like th' aurora borealis seem'd !

Mean while, each diff'rent corps for fight addrest;
 With fixed bayonets, to stand the test.
 As bolts, and lightnings, rive the knotted oak,
 Thro' thick throng'd ranks, of charging French;
 men broke !
 As they grew warm, the Frenchmens hearts grew
 cold,
 Platoons of soldiers, o'er the leaders roll'd !
 Before the English charge, (with Gallic dread,)
 Cohorts receding tumbled o'er the dead !

Battalions,

Battalions, and brigades, were * throng'd with souls
transfix'd !

In heaps, the fighting, wounded, dying, dead,
were mix'd !

And as in whirlwinds, on Arabia's coast,
(Amid surprize!) whole caravans are lost !

So these born down, before the British might,
(Involv'd in fear,) their safety fought in flight.

Now Montcalm flees, amidst a total rout !

(Canadians yell ! and conq'ring Britons shout !

And spread tumultous terror round about !

He thought, (like floods, when swoln by heavy
show'rs,)

Begirt with Gauls, and black Canadian pow'rs,

To sweep triumphant, o'er the Indian plains ;

Gave savage rage, and cruelty the reins.

The mighty pond'rous task, he could not wield ;

Nor cou'd Quebec from Albion's thunder shield !

* It is said, in one description of the battle, that the French troops, oft throng'd in heaps, at the repeated charges of our infantry ; till at length they scatter'd, and commenc'd a total rout, in the usual French manner, full speed to the town.

Wolfe, and his seconds, flung him vanquish'd down!
 And chas'd his troops, disorder'd to the town!

Now death, with implements, was amply stor'd;
 Lurk'd in a halbert, pike, spontoon, or sword.
 In guns, and pistols too, he oft was found!
 And flash'd out fate, with most unwelcome sound!
 And oft, a broad sword, gave the deadly wound!

Bougainville's * corps, now threaten'd in the rear,
 Fresh troops, with formidable front appear.
 As if they wou'd, the nice occasion catch,
 And from our troops, the infant vict'ry snatch.
 To take their charge, and their design to mar,
 Ours fac'd about, and met the coming war:

* M. de Bougainville, whom the feign'd movements of the English troops, had drawn up the river, turn'd back on discovering their real design; and now appear'd on the rear of the army, with a body of 2000 men. But fortunately, the main body of the French, was by this time so broken and dispersed, that the General was able to establish his rear, and to turn such an opposition on that side, that the enemy retir'd after a very feeble attempt.

With

With efforts weak, they faintly stood the test;
 Soon wheel'd, retir'd, and ran to join the rest.

The angry warriors, throng towards the town!
 Midst flame! and blood! and groans! tread French-
 men down!

Quite to the ditch, beneath Quebec's strong walls!
 They chas'd! ran down! and kill'd the trembling
 Gauls!

The town submitted, struck with dread surprize!
 Aloft the cross, the British ensign flies!
 There may it fly! there British cannon roar!
 Till wolves leave prey! and Gauls deceive no more!

Amen.





N that great day, Wolfe's warring spirit
fled !

And Monckon, for his King, and Country
bled !

When conq'ring Townshend, chac'd the flying Gauls !

And terror shook, Quebec's exalted walls !

Whilst leading fiercely on, to toilsome fight,

Cohorts of heroes, 'gainst unequal might.

A brave old man, judicious Townshend ey'd :

Mark'd how his sword, with Gallic crimson dy'd,

Rose like a comet *, with his flaming train !

And glar'd destruction thro' the hostile plain !

How oft alternate * rose ! how oft it set !

And setting, fell'd a Frenchman * at his feet !

Saw him behind the heaps of slain retire,

To breathe awhile *, and with collected ire,

Saw him again, address himself to fight ;

Hew * ! and tread down ! and put the foe to flight !

He

***** In the battle, before the town of Quebec ; we had an account, of Malcolm Macpherson, a brave old Highlander, whom

He smil'd, o'erjoy'd! to see th' old man advance

Amid the carnage, of deceitful France!

With pleasing horror! view'd the heaps of dead,

Around the worthy Caledonian spread!

whom General Townshend observ'd, (after the Generals, Wolfe, and Monckton, were carried out of the line,) laying about him with uncommon fury; and likewise, (tho' he so often lifted his sword, he scarce dealt a blow in vain: but at every stroke, he fell'd a Frenchman at his feet! the account further says, that General Townshend mark'd when he retir'd behind the heaps of slain, (lain dead by his own hand,) to breathe awhile, as if glutted with destruction! and satiated with slaughter! and saw him pull off his coat, or jacket, and with an heroic ardour, glowing anew, (like an active flame, which had just overcome all opposition,) hew his way thro' thick throng'd obstructing ranks of Frenchmen! bearing down, or putting to flight, who-e'er came within the semi-zone, form'd by his tremendous sword! after the battle, General Townshend ask'd his name, age, and place of abode, or country. He answer'd, his name was Macpherson: came from the Highlands of Scotland; and his age was seventy-two. The sword he then fought with, had been in the family about three hundred years: he esteem'd it almost as his life; and seem'd exceedingly alert! and well pleas'd! that he had us'd it on that memorable day so well, against the enemies of Caledonia! General Townshend, inspir'd with noble sentiments of the brave old hero's worth, reported his gallant behaviour to his Majesty; and seconded it with the honest rhetorick of a great soul'd commander, and a gentleman foldier! and it is well known, in all the British dominions, such his Majesty loves; who not forgetting the martial fire of his own youth! (of which Dettingen remains a glorious instance!) gave him his royal favour, and a commission; by which he is for the future, intitled to the character of Malcolm Macpherson, Gent. And it is said, the people of London were not behind hand, in their gratitude; but when he pass'd, wou'd cry out with a pleasing exclamation! there goes the gallant Scotchman! the intrepid Highlander! who laid the French in heaps, at the battle of Quebec! God bless the brave old boy, with his broad sword! &c.

Conclud'd

Conceiv'd him straight the terror of the day !
 Design'd by fate, to glut grim death with prey !

The battle o'er, our troops return'd from chace ;
 Townshend demands his age, his name, and place,
 Stern he reply'd ! Macpherson is my name !
 From Scotia's hills, a volunteer I came.
 Years, seventy-two, their influence have shed,
 And roll'd successive, o'er my hoary head.
 This sword I wield, now stain'd with hostile gore,
 For near three hundred years, my fathers wore ;
 Good northern temper'd steel ! a trusty blade !
 With which my ancestors great havoc made !
 This I hold dear ! this as my life I prize !
 (And terrors glanc'd from both the warrior's eyes !)

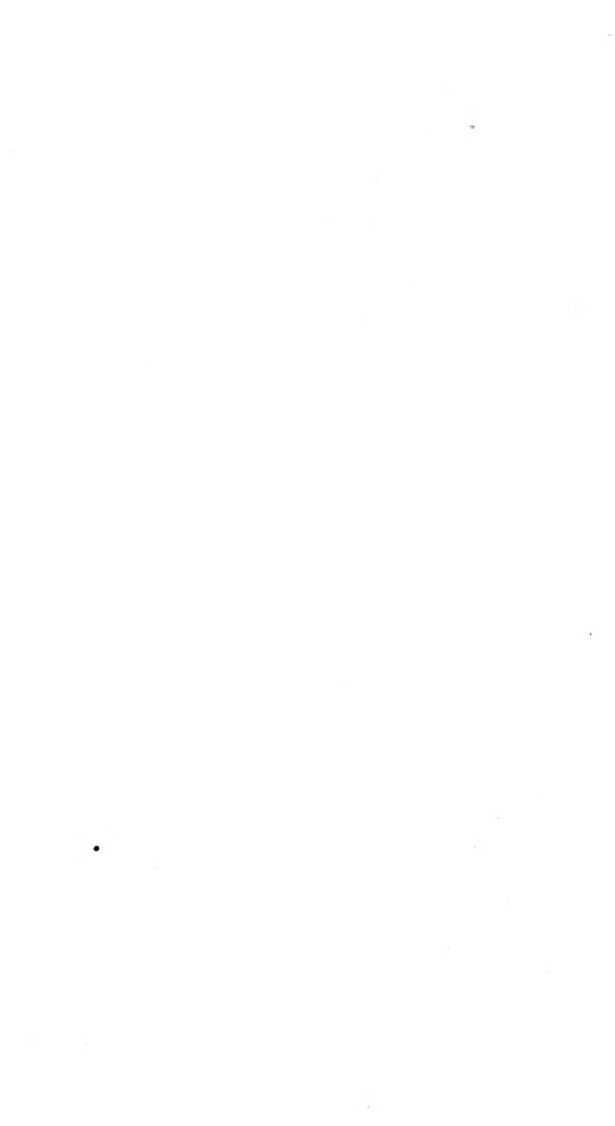
This Royal GEORGE, from Townshend, quickly
 knew ;
 Who gave the brave old hero all his due !

Our martial King, bestows on him regard,
 Gives Royal Favour, and a great reward !
 Applauding crowds, with joy ! his worth proclaim !
 And grateful Britain, ecchoes back his fame ;

Gallia, no more, we'll threat with hostile frown,
 For GEORGE's smiles can pull her grandeur down.
 Approving Majesty, her schemes can marr,
 And rouze our troops, to glory, and to war !
 Whilst with the royal smile, their labour's crown'd,
 In each platoon, some heroes will be found !

End of B O O K III.





The ARGUMENT.

Conflans sails from Brest, to invade England. Chases Commodore Duff's squadron. The Chatham, Capt. Lockhart, astern of the fleet, near being taken. His anxiety during the chase: but on seeing Admiral Hawke's fleet, tacks upon the chasing enemy, (who stagger'd in their resolutions,) and begins the chase himself. Admiral Hawke bearing down into the center of the French fleet, sinking the Superbe, and attacking Admiral Conflans; who flees, and runs on shore.

Capt. Speke, in the Resolution, attacking and taking the Formidable, the French rear Admiral.

Lord Howe, in the Magnanimme, attacking, overpowering, and driving on shore the Heros.

The Hon. Augustus Keppel, in the Torbay, attacking and sinking the Thesee.

Capt. Baird, in the Defiance.

Capt. Skirley, in the Kingston.

Capt. Maplesden, in the Intrepid.

Sir John Bentley, in the Warspight.

Capt. Storr, in the Revenge.

Capt. Rowley, in the Montague.

Capt. Gambier, in the Burford.

Capt. Dennis, in the Dorsetshire; and

Capt. O'Brien, in the Essex; all bearing down to Admiral Hawke's assistance, and engaging.

The anxiety of the rest of the Captains astern, who cou'd not possibly come into the engagement; crowding sail, and driving down to battle! the rout! dispersion! and flight of the French fleet, on shore, up the river Villaine, &c. Great Britain's joy! and Gallia in tears! as the consequence of the engagement.



W A R:

B O O K IV.



ALLIA's ill fate, still mightily prevails;
See, next from Brest, invading Conflans
fails;

Of conquest dreams, and England over-run;
Like Phæton, mounts the chariot* of the sun*:
Like him, (triumphant,) wrapp'd in Gallic blaze,
He thought t' have drown'd Britannia in amaze!
But met Hawke's glance, and retrograde retir'd,
And ignis fatuus like, his flame expir'd.
This Lewis, suits thy schemes on Britain's shore,
Thyself, thy leaders led, by Pompadour.

** Le Soleil Royal, in English, the Royal Sun And in Ovid's Metamorphoses, we have Phæton driving the chariot of the Sun, and dash'd from the seat by Jupiter.

When first from Brest, the threat'ning Conflans sail'd,
 (In naval war,) he seemingly prevail'd :
 He crouded * after Duff †, with eager chace,
 Which train'd him on to Hawke, and French disgrace !

* It is a common term at sea; when ships are in full chace, and make what sail they can, that they crouded one after another, with all the sail they cou'd pack.

† When Admiral Hawke, with the British fleet, first came in sight of Monsieur Conflans, and the French fleet; he was in full chace of Commodore Duff, and his little squadron of frigates, &c. with the Chatham, Capt. Lockhart among them. The Chatham was astern of our fleet, and very near the enemy, and consequently, not making that speed off, the frigates, and the rest of the fleet did, he must soon have fall'n into the hands of the enemy; without some friendly assistance from larger ships, with heavier metal, than what Duff's squadron carried; and which in that circumstance, he cou'd scarce flatter himself shou'd arrive so soon, (and even unexpectedly,) as it did to England's and his great joy! brave Hawke's honour! and those bold commanders which were with him! and to the great loss and infamy of Conflans, and the Gallic nation! for had not Admiral Hawke arrived to his assistance, the most romantic person living, (with the least shew of reason,) cou'd not have expected Capt. Lockhart, to have begun a desperate, (and I may say hopeless) engagement, with the first ship that shou'd have come up with him; when there were twenty-one sail of line of battle ships, bearing down upon him, with three Admirals. But so soon as Admiral Hawke, and the English fleet appear'd, he tack'd immediately on the headmost ships of the chasing enemy; singled out the Heros, which had been a little shattered by some of our ships, as they pass'd, and gave her two broadsides, e'er she struck to the Magnanime, Lord Howe, who bore down to close engagement with her; and to whom she struck, but afterwards went on shore.

Lockhart,

Lockhart, who oft had wond'rous odds oppos'd!
 Now deigns to flee, by hostile odds inclos'd!
 In iron wombs, th' unequal war drew near!
 Reason suggests his flight, but not his fear.
 Had Conflan's self, the Chatham chas'd alone,
 Let Britons judge, what Lockhart wou'd have done!
 Perhaps that day, such deeds had been atchiev'd,
 England might boast! tho' France, and Britain
 griev'd!

But now he flees, yet with a fullen frown,
 He ey'd the fleet, to battle bearing down!
 Oft he resolv'd to fight, with wonted glow!
 As oft resolv'd, to flee before the foe!
 Reason, and courage, fill'd him with regret!
 Like wind, and tide, in raging conflict met!

.

So flees the lion's cub, toward the den,
 From deep mouth'd dogs, and troops of armed men:

Promiscuous cries, and shouts, his ears assail ;
 Against his mighty sides, he swings his tail !
 Indignant growls ! collected, turns to fight !
 Again recedes, and makes a tardy flight.
 But now the fire, comes roaring thro' the plain !
 He turns, attacks the foremost of the train !
 (Wrath fills his eyes ! aloft his tail is rear'd !)
 So when to view, Great Britain's fleet appear'd,
 Lockhart, with wonted rage, and fierce delight !
 Mark'd out the Gallic Hero * for the fight !
 Stung with disdain to flee, tho' fleets gave chase ;
 He long'd to wipe away the late disgrace ;
 To battle tack'd, upon the chafing Gauls ;
 And sent in thund'ring show'rs, his dashing balls !
 Gave iron proof, urg'd home ! convinc'd the enemy,
 'Twas mighty odds, mov'd his intrepid soul to
 flee !

* The French ship Heros, to which he gave two broadsides
 before she struck, to the Magnanime ; Lord Howe, and who
 engag'd her, and to whom she struck.

No sooner Hawke, saluted Conflans's fight,
 His slacken'd sails, hung shiv'ring * in affright !
 Like their commander's, ev'ry ship appear'd ;
 And flutt'ring * sails flapp'd out, what Frenchmen
 fear'd !

The chace of Duff, they seemingly repine,
 And disconcerted, drew into a line !

* Whoever has been on the sea, doubtless hath observ'd, that when a ship luffs up, (as the sailors call it, that is braces about,) with her head to the wind, with an intent to lye by, (as they term it.) The top-sails, and courses, shiver in the wind, and flap against the masts, shrouds, &c. as the ship plunges, and rolls, for want of a proper head way thro' the water. So Conflans, and his fleet, when they hove too ; the ships might be said to express their terror : on account of the agitation of their hulls, and the tremor, and shiv'ring of their sails : (as trembling is generally allow'd to be a true sign of fear.) And they might be said to be in fear, on another account ; for it was observed, that they drew into a sort of a disorder'd line, and seem'd quite confus'd ! like a man on the brink of an impending precipice, below which, the rugged rocks rise in dreadful spires, and he condemn'd to plunge precipitate from thence. So Conflans, and his fleet, by their behaviour, seem'd to fluctuate in their intentions ; as if afraid to fight ! ashamed to run ! and dreading the consequence of an equal number of line of battle ships, bearing down upon them ! mann'd with Englishmen ! and arm'd with engines, whose wombs were pregnant with flaming roar ! with iron, and with leaden death ! ready to burst from ev'ry side, and crush their navy in oblivion ! and I think the event fully declar'd what their intentions were, by their behaviour, when the battle began : greatest part of them running away like a terrify'd brood of chickens, from a Hawk, which scoules near them, and scarce staying even to fight their way ; but made what speed they could on shore, up the river Villaine, &c.

They

They seem'd to see their rout, and overthrow,
 Whilst waiting for the formidable foe !
 Who plung'd promiscuous on, with naval rage !
 As if ambitious who shou'd first engage.

So when the vulture chafes thro' the air,
 A young fledg'd eaglet, (yet the mother's care ;)
 The tow'ring bird, (imperial,) from the skies,
 On sounding pinions, to his rescue flies :
 In dread, the vulture flacks the rapid chace ;
 Flutters, and hovers still around the place ;
 Receives the eagle's shock, and in affright,
 From chasing, spreads his wings in shameful flight !

The hostile fleets, now near each other glide ;
 And load with future death, the briny tide !
 So high in air, the gath'ring tempest flies,
 In pitchy clouds, (which at a distance rise ;)

Nearer they roll, a gloomy concave form ;
 Together clafh, down comes the rattling ftorm !
 Now wakes the roar, and on the tempeft rolls,
 The bolts, and light'nings fly, the thunder grows !
 So cannons roar, in clouds the fhips are hid ;
 And French, and Britifh tars, alternate bleed !
 Round, and grape fhoot, and barr'd, make dread-
 ful wreck !
 Sails, topmafts, men, and blocks, beftrew the deck !
 Guns are difmounted ! limbs from bodies tore !
 Whilft thro' both fides, the rapid bullets bore !
 Wide gaps they rend, as thro' the fhips they pafs ;
 And fhrouds *, and ftays *, hang dangling by the
 maft.

The human blood, in crimfon torrents flows !
 With fiercer rage, each naval warrior glows !

** The fhrouds, are feveral large ropes, faften'd at the maft-head, and come down to the larboard, and ftarboard fide ; there faften'd to the chain plates, to fupport the maft, in the rolling of the fhip, and when they carry fail, and to thefe the rattlings are fixed, to go to maft-head by. The ftays are much for the fame ufe, only they come down to the fide, &c. on a ftant, and are defign'd to preferve the maft in its pofition, when the fhip bounds o'er the waves, or plunges with a fudden jerk from the fummit of a watry hill, that it may not fall aft, or pitch forward over the fhip's head.

And

And whilst they eagerly for vict'ry burn,
 Volleys, and broadsides (giv'n,) they angrily return

As thund'ring Jove, the wrathful bolts prepar'd;
 And wrapp'd in flame, the veng'ance high uprear'd;
 With roar impetuous, down the storm he hurl'd!
 'Gainst Phæton, driving round the burning world.
 Unerring roll'd, the great æthereal war!
 And dash'd him from Apollo's flaming car!
 So Hawke bore down, amid the Gallic fleet,
 And Conflans fought with like assault to greet;
 Larboard*, and starboard*, ev'ry foe repell'd!
 But still, the pond'rous war, for Conflans held!
 O'er French Magnificence†, victorious drove!
 Which in a frustrate opposition strove:
 This Conflans saw, and seem'd on battle bent;
 And 'gainst the Royal George a broadside sent:

** It is the sea term for the right and left side of the ship.

† Le Superbe, a French 74 gun ship, which bore down bravely between the Royal George, and Le Soleil Royal, to oppose Admiral Hawke, who struck her on a careen the first broadside, and the second broadside sunk her. The name in English is Magnificent, or Magnificence.

Who pour'd his torrents fierce, of flame, and balls!
 Struck Conflans mute! (and terrify'd the Gauls!)
 As Phæton drown'd in blaze *, let drop the reins,
 And madly drove along th' æthereal plains,
 The mighty whirl, oppress'd his soul with fear!
 He sat appall'd *, amid the wild career!
 No longer now, the foaming steeds confines,
 Twixt Leo, Ursa, and the Scorpion * signs:

*** The poets say, Phæton being told by his mother, he was the son of Phœbus, (that is Apollo,) who drives the radiant car of day: he went to the temple of the sun, and being own'd by his father, who swore by Styx, to grant his request; he demanded to drive the chariot of the sun for a day. Phœbus knowing the great, (and certain) danger of the enterprize, long time dissuades him from it: but the adventurous youth, (fir'd by an emulation for glory, and ambitious notions of honour,) vaults into the seat, after much pre-admonition from his father, who griev'd at the consequence. He drove on, the horses soon found their new master, (or rather new driver,) by the unskillful guidance of the rein, and the chariot wanting its proper poize. They grew headstrong, and hurried him thro' the cœlestial regions; now with a rapid flight, descending near the earth; again, bounding aloft, they whirl'd him thro' the immense space of Æther! then starting wide to right and left, plung'd among the constellations! he dropped the reins, and sat appall'd, amidst the career! was afraid to advance, and cou'd not retreat: but grew terrify'd, amidst the frightful monsters of the skies! and a new panic assail'd his heart, as the chariot of the sun approach'd the Scorpion, and when (with the intense heat,) he saw him sweat in his poison! the consequence of all this is, the Heavens are drain'd of all their moisture; the earth is parch'd; the sea boils to its bed; and all nature lies gasping in one universal calenture! at length, Jove fitted the avenging bolt; and with unerring aim, sent it wing'd with lightning, and dash'd him from Apollo's car!

He

He fear'd t' advance, wou'd backward fain retreat;
 And quit Apollo's car, and flaming feat !
 So Conflans, from the Bay, wou'd absent be:
 From Hardy, Howe, and frowning Hawke wou'd
 flee !

Backward he drove, whilst panic fears prevail !
 And left the chariot of the bright Soleil * !
 Shunn'd the loud storm, midst which, brave
 Hawke career'd !
 The British bolts, and English light'nings fear'd !
 To Gallia's shore, and certain shipwreck, steer'd !

Each sternmost ship, to closer action glides ;
 And bellows death, from fulminating sides !
 Rouz'd to see Hawke, midst dangers, smoak, and
 flame !

They crouded sail, and to the battle came.

* When Admiral Hawke had sunk the *Superbe*, he bore down upon *Conflans*, who stood one broadside and ran, making a signal for all the fleet to do the like ; and at last, rather than fight Admiral Hawke, he drove on shore and his ship was burnt ; after being quitted by *Conflans* and her crew.

As hungry lions, pawing to engage !
 With lashing tails, will work themselves to rage !
 So these, to patriot wrath, their souls had wrought !
 For board, and board, seem'd ev'ry warrior's thought !

The gallant Speke*, with Resolution * arm'd !
 True Briton like, for great achievements warm'd !
 Down from the staff, the hostile banner tore ;
 And silenc'd all the Formidable's * roar !
 And Howe †, Magnanimous † ! with courage stor'd !
 Bore down, and clapp'd the Heros close on board ;
 Who struck, o'erpower'd ! no longer dar'd t'engage !
 Whilst Thesee ‡ sunk beneath brave Keppel's rage !

*** Capt. Speke commanded his Majesty's ship Resolution; engag'd the Formidable; the French rear Admiral, and took him, after a desperate cannonading.

†† Lord Howe, in his Majesty's ship Magnanimme, engaged the Heros board and board, which in little odds of half an hour, did so much execution, that she struck; but afterwards drove on shore.

‡ The honourable Augustus Keppel, in the Torbay, engag'd the Thesee, and sunk her the second broadside.

Baird*, for renown, most resolutely strove !
 And thro' the line, with bold Defiance* drove !
 Two line of battle ships, (with hostile roar,)
 Down on his ship, to close engagement bore :
 Their joint attack, he bravely scorn'd to shun,
 But gave 'em roar, for roar, and gun for gun !

Intrepid † Maplesden † ! and Bentley ‡ bold !
 Thro' the French line, midst gloomy veng'ance
 roll'd !

Whilst Rowley ||, Gambier ||, Dennis ||, onward }
 croud, }
 Like Jove's artill'ry, in a thunder cloud ! }
 And brave Obrien ||, join'd the concert loud ! }

** Capt. Baird, commanded the ship Defiance, and engag'd.

†† Capt. Maplesden, commanded the ship Intrepid, and engag'd.

‡ Sir John Bentley, in the Warpight, engag'd likewise.

||||| Capt. Rowley, in the Montague; Capt. Gambier, in the Burford; Capt. Dennis, in the Dorsetshire; and Capt. Obrien, in the Essex; all likewise engag'd. And here I shou'd have mentioned Capt. Campbell: but as I have mention'd Admiral Hawke, in the Royal George; and as 'tis well known Mr. Campbell is Captain of the Royal George, it may be taken for granted, Capt. Campbell was in the midst of danger, and in the very center of the engagement.

Sheirly,

Sheirly *, as bravely join'd the warlike throng !
 And hurl'd destruction, as he plung'd along !
 With England's dread Revenge †, Storr † fiercely
 came !

And roar'd out Frenchmen's fate, in British flame !
 Resolv'd they fought, by Hawke's example fir'd !
 And Gallia's fleet, confusedly retir'd ;
 Whilst some in tardy blaze, consume away,
 And add new horrors, to the dreadful fray !
 Here, lower masts, are tumbled o'er the side,
 There ships descend, amid the briny tide !
 Which all their flame, and harmless thunder drown'd !
 Whilst Hawke, and Britons shout, with conquest
 crown'd !

Those, whom ill fortune from the fight detain'd,
 With visible regret, astern remain'd.
 (For war they burn'd, with warring hearts elate !
 But mortals cannot guide the hand of fate :
 Altho' their souls, the ships anticipate !

* Capt. Sheirly, commanded the Kingston, and engag'd.

†† Capt. Storr, commanded the Revenge, and engag'd.

When stern Achilles, (with remorseless mind;)
 The field * of fame! the toils of war * declin'd!
 Between the rampart, and the swelling flood,
 The fretful Myrmidonian leaders stood.
 Oft as they heard the animating shout!
 Oft as they saw the Grecians put to rout!
 As oft their mighty souls, were in a glow!
 To rush all clad with death, upon the chasing foe!

So these croud on, vex'd with heroic rage!
 To see their friends, and countrymen engage.
 At each broadside, they glow'd with fiercer flame!
 To reap the harvest of immortal fame!

** In the sixteenth book of Homer's Iliad, we have Achilles, speeding from tent to tent, and warming the hearts of the myrmidonian leaders, just going to battle, (to save the Grecian fleet,) under the conduct of Patroclus; and we have them and the troops represented as standing round their chief. A grim! terrific! formidable band! like voracious wolves, rushing a hideous throng, to slake their thirst, after a glut of slaughter! and present a deathful view! and we may judge of their uneasiness and regret, at being detain'd from the battle, by the expressions which Achilles uses to them; calling them for fam'd! fierce! and brave myrmidons! tells them to think with what threats they dar'd the Trojans! and what reproach his ears had so long endur'd! calling him stern son of Peleus! whose rage defrauded them of so fam'd a field! &c. and adds, lo! there the Trojans! this day shall give you all your souls demand! &c.

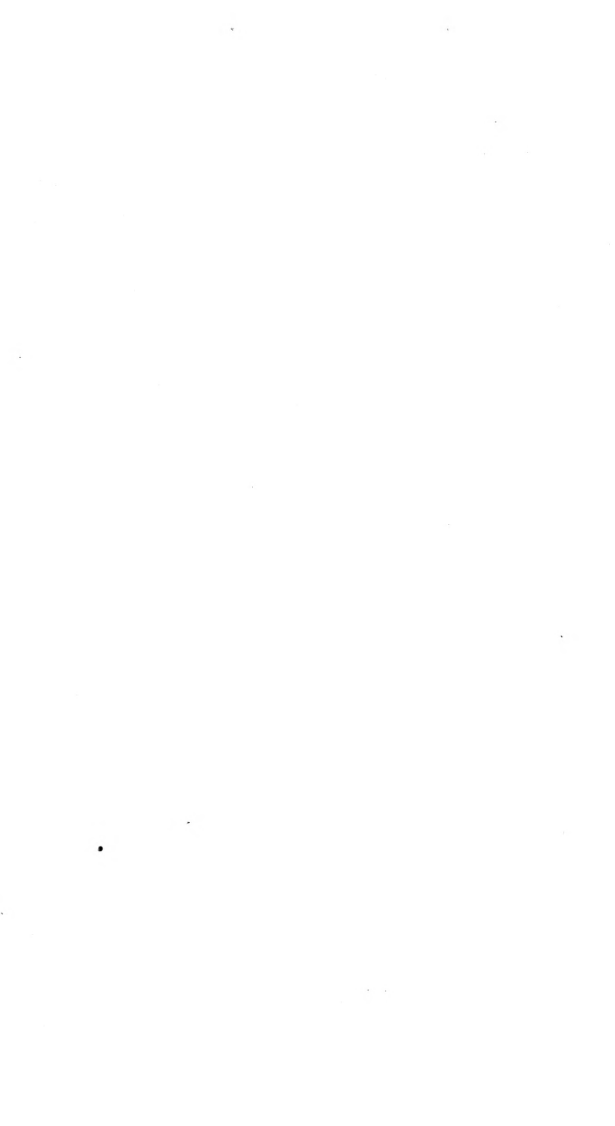
For desp'rate battle, ev'ry bosom burn'd !
 The tardy progress of the vessels mourn'd.
 The topmasts bend ! sails split ! and halliards break !
 The dormant thunder, on each well clear'd deck,
 In hollow tubes, from ev'ry yawning side,
 Portended dreadful ! o'er the swelling tide !
 Each British tar well pleas'd, to quarters stood !
 (And ponder'd on the future scene of blood !
 As on they labour'd thro' the briny flood !
 No discontented tar like hints we hear,
 As if they lagg'd, inspir'd by grov'ling fear.
 No lack of courage, to their charge is laid ;
 They caught each blast ; each useful sail was spread.
 Full on the Gallic line, resolv'd they steer'd ;
 Who tack'd, made sail, the close engagement fear'd !

Each brave commander, martial zeal express'd,
 And long'd to bring his honour to the test !
 Seem'd anxious, some resolv'd foe to meet,
 But night came on, and sav'd the Gallic fleet,

Against the yielding foe, our tars complain'd ;
 And slighted conquest, easily obtain'd.
 Each man was full of cool delib'rate rage !
 And hop'd the French wou'd sturdily engage.
 Shot, stores, and guns, they sunk amid the main !
 And fled for safety, to the shoal Villaine !
 Britain rejoic'd ! perfidious Gallia mourn'd !
 Her royal navy, taken, sunk, or burn'd !
 Her cities, forts, isles, towns, and all her schemes
 o'erturn'd !

End of B O O K IV.

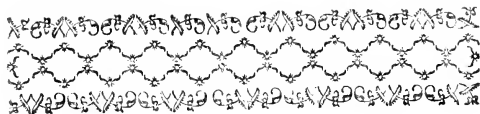




The ARGUMENT.


*Britannia represented clad in terrors! and leaning on Pitt; (like Achilles, reclin'd on his spear, after the carnage he had made among the Trojans, in revenge for the death of Patroclus.) A recapitulation of Great Britain's victories, both by sea and land, and the French terror! Thurot rushing forth to war, against the English, (like a tyger, to hunt his prey, without his teeth and claws.) His landing on the Irish coast. Taking Carrickfergus, and laying Belfast under contribution. The Hibernian zeal and bravery of the few troops there; rending the battlements of the castle of Carrickfergus, and flinging the stones on the enemy for some time, after all their ammunition was spent! the consternation of the French at their intrepidity! their sullen submission; (like our gallant troops at Cas.) The French retreat, and reembarkation. Their joy damp'd, (like the Amalekites, who spoil'd Ziklag,) when the Captains, Elliott, Clements, and Logie, in the *Æolus*, *Brilliant*, and *Pallas*, bore down to engage. The fight, and Thurot's death; with the French submission. An address to Lewis, with a recital of the gallantry of our matchless tars, and intrepid troops! a few similes on George the Second; like eagle mounted Jove, directing the thunder against Gaul, &c. &c. &c.*

WAR:



W A R:

B O O K V.

 Ritannia, (long, for feats of arms re-
nown'd,)
In terrors clad! with num'rous vict'ries
crown'd!

Leaning on Pitt, as if to breathe awhile;
She stood, and cast a fierce indignant smile!
Like great Achilles, on his spear reclin'd,
The war revolving, in his martial mind!
Most greatly pleas'd! 'twixt rage, and stern dis-
dain!
He-smiling, frown'd, across the Phrygian plain!
O'er slaughter'd heaps of Trojans by him slain!
So stood Britannia, pleas'd, serene, sedate!
Compleatly arm'd! victoriously elate!

Her dreadful shores, appear'd one hallow'd bound ! }
 Her horse, and foot, rang'd on her frontier ground ! }
 Her navy girded her with terrors round ! }
 At distance stood, (as thunderstruck !) the Gaul ;
 Amidst Quebec's, and Louisbourg's downfall !
 Goree, and Guadaloupe, in ruin lay !
 And Senegal, had felt the like dismay !
 Their fleets cou'd not our fleets attack sustain ! }
 Some at Lagos, some founder'd at Villaine ! }
 Some burnt, some sunk, amid the swelling main ! }
 A panic dread, prevail'd at land, and sea ! }
 They struck, or fled, in swift affright away ! }
 As doves from Jove's imperial bird of prey ! }
 They turn'd their backs, (as wonted,) to the chase :
 All fear'd, at least few dar'd, to show their face !
 Till Thurot rose, (to hide the Gallic shame ;)
 And rashly fir'd, sail'd forth to gain a name :
 And like a tyger, from his lurking den,
 Rush'd on, supported by a thousand men :
 But in such plight, to back his daring cause,
 He seem'd to hunt his prey, without his teeth, and
 claws !

Of this, (perhaps,) the Gaul will proudly boast;
 He landed on Hibernia's naked coast!
 So cowards, may the lion's den affail,
 And boast from thence, the new whelp'd cubs they
 steal;

Whilst both old lions, thro' the forest roam,
 And search for prey, far distant from their home:
 But shou'd loud roar, bespeak the lions near,
 As if their final knell, had pierc'd their ear,
 They steal, (nay fly) away, (absorpt) in speechless
 fear!

This place, Thurot, almost defenceless found,
 And boldly dar'd to tread Hibernian ground:
 At Carrickfergus, he a plunder made,
 And Belfast, under contribution laid.
 Not till th' Hibernians had their powder spent,
 And from the base, their mural hopes had * rent!

With

** When those who landed from Thurot's squadron, attack'd Carrickfergus, the few soldiers we had there, with an heroic

With native zeal ! and patriotic glow !
 They flung the ramparts * on the charging foe !
 Forgetting they expos'd themselves unarm'd ;
 So much the battle had their bosoms warm'd.

So rush'd unarm'd, the Spartan † from the bath,
 Seiz'd on his spear, and full of martial wrath,
 He plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of foes ;
 Who thought some God had dealt destructive blows !
 They stood amaz'd † ! or join'd the tim'rous rout ;
 Whilst he spread death, and terrors round about !

heroic zeal, and in a most brave manner, disputed almost every inch of ground ; and with a bloody toil, made them dearly buy their victory ! for when all their ammunition was spent, they flung the stones off the ramparts on the advancing enemies ! and held them in play for some time, as if they had forgotten the rapid execution of powder and ball ; and that whilst they demo'ish'd the battlements, they left themselves more expos'd to the enemy's shot !

†† This was a Spartan warrior ; who one day happen'd to be bathing, in a city besieg'd ; when the enemy rushing suddenly and furiously on, had like to have enter'd triumphantly : and on hearing the alarm of war, and that the city was like to be carried by a general assault, he leapt from the bath, laid hold of his spear, and plung'd among the charging enemy ; and dealt his vengeance amongst the thickest ranks ! who seeing him take such deathful strides ! naked, and unarm'd ! inclos'd by a brazen, iron, and steely war ! superstitiously thought some deity had assum'd a human shape, to fling destruction thro' their cohorts ! and turn the sway of battle ! they stood transfix'd, with a religious awe ! fell unresisting, beneath his oft transpiercing spear ! or join'd the general rout, as he strode to different parts of the field, and chang'd the scene of action !

As

As stood at gaze, the halting * half scar'd Gauls !
 Midst dashing show'rs, of Carrickfergus walls !
 From engines, mortars, slings, nor cannon flung !
 But from Hibernian nerves, for warlike action strung !

Thus in a thick descending stony show'r !
 They fought 'gainst numbers, and superior pow'r !
 The charging flocks, themselves, like ramparts bore !
 Till they cou'd rend the stubborn walls no more !
 Then like the troops at Cas †; they fullen frown'd !
 And flung their usefess muskets to the ground !
 Not till like them, they'd well the fight sustain'd !
 And from the victors, almost vict'ry gain'd !

* When the French found themselves so resolutely oppos'd, by our handful of men at Carrickfergus, after all their ammunition was spent : they halted in a sort of a half scar'd gaze, as if in suspense, whether they shou'd advance, stand the charge, of those few brave men, or make a shameful retreat : and doubtless, one or two rounds more of Hibernian rhetorick, wou'd have rais'd the pannic to such a height, as to have confirm'd them in an instant resolve, and have made them retire in confusion !

† It is well known, how fiercely and resolutely our troops at Cas fought ; being about fifteen hundred on shore, against eleven battalions ; (and they on friendly ground :) and likewise, with what reluctance they submitted to an overpowering enemy, when all their ammunition was expended.

The news no sooner reach'd our half starv'd foes,
 Our freeborn troops, and brave militia rose,
 Than like a herd of deers, with timid mind,
 And hungry wolves, in close pursuit behind;
 From Ireland's shores, they fled in haste away,
 Quick reimbark'd, and weigh'd, and put to sea!
 And thought (o'erjoy'd!) to make their native
 shore;
 With conquest flush'd, and fed with English store!
 But Thurot first must fall, and hundreds more!
 So once, Amalekites, weak Ziklag spoil'd;
 But David's breast with manly ardour boil'd!
 He chac'd, and fought, and kill'd, retook the prey!
 Their triumph damp'd, in death, and cold dismay!

Now Clements, Logie, Elliott, brave, bore down,
 To meet Thurot, with formidable frown!
 With wonted rage, like England's naval Sons,
 They fought, huzza'd, and ply'd Britannia's guns!

Stern Æolus*, began the rough attack !
 And flung (untrimm'd) their bloated sails aback.
 Onward he came, in a most direful form !
 And roar'd tremendous ! in a sulph'rous storm !
 Thro' ev'ry ship, a pannic fright prevails :
 The tacks grew uselefs, as the flutt'ring sails.
 In Brilliant† trim, war's mighty gooddeſs‡ frown'd !
 She roar'd in flame ! and death was in the found !
 Elliott, and Clements, and Logie, grew warm ;
 And near Thurot, they roll'd the loud alarm !
 (Thurot, whom (tho' a foe,) we ſcarcely blame,
 Who bears a gen'rous, manlike warrior's name !)
 To cloſer fight, they eagerly advance,
 Rive the French ſhips, and check the pride of France !
 The fight grew hot, thick flew the Engliſh balls ;
 And death flew fore and aft, among the Gauls :
 The brave, the raſh Thurot, became his prey !
 And terror fill'd the French, with dread diſmay !

* The ſhip Æolus, and Æolus is the God of the winds.

† The ſhip Brilliant, one of the three which engaged Monſieur Thurot's ſquadron.

‡ The ſhip Pallas, who with the Æolus and Brilliant, engag'd Thurot's ſquadron. Pallas is the Goddeſs of war.

As twice of late, when Boscawen, and Hawke,
Midst fulminating tars! and clouds of sulph'rous
smoke!

To Conflans, and De Clue, in British thunder spoke!

Their guns grew mute, they all for quarter call'd,
And down (in fear,) the Gallic ensigns haul'd.

Again they come, and tread our fatal coast,
Dejected, maim'd, and all their plunder lost.

Lewis! be warn'd, and send thy men no more,
To tread Hibernia's, or Britannia's shore.

Whilst Hawke, Boscawen, Holmes, and Saunders
roam,

Abroad for fame; and Pitt commands at home!

Whilst England owns so many gallant tars!

And brave commanders, for the naval wars!

Whilst Scotchmen, can their dreaded broad swords
wield!

With English, and Hibernians, take the field,

Who with their leaders brave, at danger smile!

Firm leagu'd, like troops of death, to guard our
isle!

Whilst

Whilst Britons serve great GEORGE, with filial fear,
 Who with his Son, and brave old Ligonier,
 At Dettingen, like lions, fierce in fight!
 Routed main corps, and put gens d'armes to flight!
 Whilst King, and Peers, and Council, hand in hand,
 Back'd by the body of the nation stand;
 Resolv'd to save wives, children, lands, and laws!
 And Heav'n Propitious, smiles upon the cause!
 Thy men, as well, may safely think to tread,
 Nightly unarm'd, thro' Africa's dread shade;
 Where lions, tygers, pards, (fierce beasts of prey,)
 Roar in the pass, and dam the dang'rous way,
 As e'er expect, in France, to make their boast,
 We victors came, from Britain's dreaded coast!

As when the riving bolts, are fiercely hurl'd,
 By Jupiter, to scourge the rebel world;
 From strong Olympus' height, the thunder growls!
 And wrapp'd in flame æthereal, onward rolls!
 Like eagle mounted Jove, in awful form!
 GEORGE, against Gaul, directs the thund'ring storm!

His

His Son, and Grandsons, Blessings to this land!
 Are like the Bolts, uplifted in His Hand!
 East, west, north, south, with rapid speed He flies, }
 The Lords and Commons, venerable wife! }
 May well be call'd, His eagle's watchful eyes. }
 His body, neck, and mighty sweeping tail,
 The triple union, Britain's common weal.
 To His strong pinions, we may well compare,
 The Honest Pitt! and Brave old Ligonier!
 The Tars, and Troops, His talons may be call'd,
 By whose strong gripe, proud Gallia's sides are
 gaul'd!
 As with his bill, he seizes tim'rous hares,
 Crushes their bones, and them in pieces tears,
 Brave Hawke, and Boscawen, in pieces break
 The Gallic fleets, and may be call'd His beak!

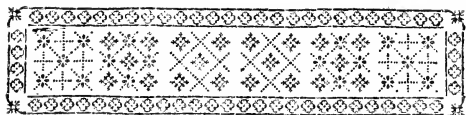
End of BOOK V.



The ARGUMENT.

The French in Canada, (like a man wash'd from a wreck at sea, and striving to gain the shore :) emerging from the wreck of fifty-nine, as if resolv'd on conquest; and to perform something greatly memorable. Their armament in the spring of sixty, and march towards Quebec; join'd by the savage people in league with them. General Murray, with our other heroic commanders, and troops, rousing to battle. The disposition of our troops, and by whom headed. The closing of the battle. Major Dal-ling's behaviour. Him and his officers wounded, and his men rushing on without them, driving the enemy, first broken to their main corps, and after to the rear of their army. The French attack on our right. Capt. Ince distinguish'd, with Otway's, and the French twice bravely sustain'd and repuls'd! the left dispossess the enemy from two redoubts. The reserve brought into action. Rousillon's regiment marching up, and penetrating. General Murray's retreat. Due distance kept by the French. The friendly, (daring) action of an Irish serjeant of Bragg's, left wounded on the field of battle, to preserve an English volunteer from being scalp'd by six Indians. He kills three, and the other three flee. A French officer endu'd with humanity; defends him from the other savages; and that they may not kill them as they threaten'd, he sends both into Quebec. The French attack Quebec, but in vain. The gallant defence made by our troops. The arrival of Commodore Swanton, and the Captains, Schomberg, and Dean. Their attack of the French frigates, &c. above the town, and destroying them. The French desert their trenches, and leave ammunition, baggage, field pieces, mortars, tools, &c. &c. &c. A savage nation joins in league with Great Britain.

WAR:



W A R:

B O O K VI.

OW like a man fatigu'd, and wanting
N breath,
Wash'd from a wreck, incircled round
with death:

Who plunging on, amid the surging roar;
Rais'd on a wave, beholds the welcome shore.
The land he views, with eager longing eyes!
With efforts strong, each nerve he nimbly plies;
More briskly swims, as if before untir'd,
And hopes to gain the landing place desir'd:
But soon depress'd, beneath a boist'rous wave;
He slack, despairs, and seeks a wat'ry grave!

So Gauls, emerging from the dreadful wreck
 Of fifty-nine, advanc'd towards Quebec.
 As if forgetting, what they'd lately felt;
 The veng'ance, Amherst, Wolfe, and Saunders
 dealt !

Resolved seem'd at first, the war to wage,
 As if inspir'd with new heroic rage !
 But recollecting Wolfe ! and fifty-nine !
 They soon grew cool, and quitted their design.

The spring arriv'd ; the gath'ring troops of France
 With eager speed, towards Quebec advance.
 And to the war, (from wild Canadia's lands ;)
 They drew the fierce, the savage scalping bands !
 Their near approach, our garrison alarms !
 And Murray, Frazer, Burton, rous'd to arms !
 Burton ! whose zeal burst forth in flaming glow !
 Midst piercing cold ! midst chilling frost, and snow !
 Active t' infatuate, and counteract the foe !

The brave Macdonald, march'd the foe t' engage ;
 Who rescu'd Peyton * from Canadian rage.
 With these, bold Ince, and Dalling, fally'd forth ;
 Pleas'd with the war ! and full of martial worth !
 Scotch, English, Irish, by these heroes led ;
 Most bravely fought ! and for their country bled !

Frazer the brave ! in war's dread science skill'd !
 Led Highland troops, and Townshend's to the
 field.

Lafcelles's, and Kennedy's, with Frazer came ;
 In quest of death, or else of deathless fame !
 These the left wing compos'd, and gain'd a glo-
 rious name !

The daring Murray, (with a stern delight,)
 His troops surveys, and ruminates the fight !

* Capt. Macdonald, (a Scotch gentleman,) at the unsuccessful landing at Quebec, was the means of saving Mr. Peyton, (an Irish gentleman,) from about 30 Indians, marching down to scalp him after the battle. See the British Magazine of Jan. 1760, and my siege of Quebec.

Alert they stood, with animating glow !
 (Unshock'd at death! and wont to beat the foe !)
 They numbers scorn'd! and onward march'd elate!
 As if they'd outface death! and ravish mighty fate!
 Serenely brave! each foldier seem'd to know
 'Tis courage aims, and strikes the conq'ring blow!
 Quebec's great conq'ror, Murray's bosom fir'd!
 And Wolfe tho' dead, each warrior's soul inspir'd!
 So from the flaming nest, old poets sing,
 Another phoenix, stretches on the wing.

Now front, to front, they clos'd the battle rag'd!
 Where Dalling's corps, conspicuously engag'd!
 Fiercely the French the British charge sustain!
 Till backward forc'd, (like chaff,) they spread the
 plain.

Onward the soldiers rush, unaw'd by fear,
 And leave their wounded * leaders in the rear!

* Here Major Dalling, and several of his officers were wounded; but his men rush'd on without 'em, and drove the enemy, they first attack'd to the main corps, and afterwards to the rear. For a full account of this, and the whole battle, vide General Murray's letter to Mr. Secretary Pitt, in the Extraordinary Gazette, which contains a perfect account of the whole action, according to the following lines.

Chace

Chace as they flee ! advance as they retire !
 Oppose the French main corps, and take the gen'ral
 fire !

Again they rally, charge, again retreat
 Back to the rear, and own the rout compleat !

Now on our right, their main corps made attack,
 Attempted twice, and twice, were driven back !
 The great soul'd Murray, deigns this truth to own !
 There Otway's fought, brave Ince distinguish'd
 shone !

Amherst's, Americans, were there dispos'd ;	}
With Anstruther's, and Webb's; these the right wing compos'd ;	
Stood firm as fate, (unshock'd,) when twice the battle clos'd !	

Mean while, the left, with emulating glow,
 From two redoubts, they dispossess'd the foe.

Indians, Canadians, Regulars repel !

Victorious chac'd ! or vanquish'd, bravely fell !

The * center, and reserves, their station chang'd ;

Advanc'd and wheel'd, in diff'rent order rang'd.

Our little army, none inactive knew ;

Each felt the shock, as warm the battle grew !

Ten thousand French, by savages sustain'd,

Three thousand Britons charg'd, and long the fight
maintain'd !

Thus like two scales, with equipond'rous weight,

Both parties toil'd, to fix the doubtful fight.

The English troops, (to battle much inur'd,)

The oft repeated charges firm endur'd :

With minds resolv'd, call'd all their ardour forth ;

And made the Frenchmen feel their warlike worth !

The wounded dropp'd, another straight appear'd,

Sent leaden fate, or else a broad sword rear'd !

* N. B. About this time, the third battalion of Royal Americans, from the reserve, and Kennedy's from the center, were brought up to the action. Vide Gen. Murray's letter, and account of the battle.

Now Roussillon's * march'd up to fresh attack,
 Pierc'd like a wedge, and bore the Britons back.
 As growling lions, on Arabia's plain,
 Hunters, and dogs, in slow retreat sustain;
 So Murray and his troops, by might born down,
 March slowly off, and fierce defiance frown!
 As slow the French advanc'd, (as if in fear,)
 Due distance kept, nor dar'd to charge the rear:
 Dear bought experience, made their forces feel,
 Th' effect of bay'net fight, and Highland steel!

To where a Briton, and Hibernian lay,
 Six scalping plund'ers, thither bent their way.
 Th' Hibernian † rous'd, the savages drew near,
 To seize, and scalp, an English volunteer.

* A French regiment of Roussillon, which penetrated.

† This was an Irishman, a serjeant of Bragg's, who had received a shot in the breast, and cou'd not retreat with the rest; who fell'd two of the Indians at one blow, with his halbert; and with a second blow kill'd a third; as six of them were about to scalp an English volunteer, which lay near him, with a dangerous wound in his leg; and on three being kill'd, the other three fled. This is by letters from America in the news.

Like

Like gallant Peyton *, in the barb'rous strife,
 To save his friend's, brave Ochterlony's life ;
 His weapon launch'd, transfix'd two Indians thro' !
 Like Jove's own bolt, askance, the halbert flew !
 The second blow, another savage flew !
 Tho' thrice his number, still unwounded stood,
 The sanguin'd halbert, chill'd their vital blood !
 They cow'r'd beneath the blow, (with abject fear !)
 As † Turnus, when Æneas launch'd his spear !
 To flight, (like genuine cowards, quick they yield,)
 And leave th' Hibernian conq'ror on the field !

Perchance there stood, within th' Hibernian's call,
 A gen'rous great soul'd foe ! a humane Gaul !
 Who with his corps, (quite void of hostile wrath ;)
 Travers'd the field of carnage, blood, and death.

* The intrepid behaviour of Capt. Ochterlony, and Lieut. Peyton, is mention'd in the unsuccessful landing at Quebec. The whole story may be read at large in the British Magazine of Jan. 1760, and in my siege of Quebec.

† In the Æneid, 'tis said, Turnus cow'r'd in fear, when Æneas launch'd his spear at him, in combat, before the walls of Laurentum in Italy.

To him he * call'd; and begg'd he'd save their lives,
 From savage rage, and Indian scalping knives !
 In anxious fort, to him, his arms he rear'd,
 Who turn'd, and saw, and touch'd with mercy heard !
 As Sol's bright blaze, dispels the shades of night,
 He frown'd, forbid, turn'd human brutes to flight.
 Blest with a soul, compassionate and mild !
 He smooth'd his brow, and full of pity smil'd !
 To make the act compleat, he stopp'd not here ,
 But order'd dressing, and a decent care.
 And then, to make the savage threat'ning vain,
 (Who vow'd revenge for scalping kinsmen slain,
 From chosen Gauls, (the savages to check,)
 Murray receiv'd them safely at Quebec.

* After the serjeant had lain three of the Indians dead, and the other three fled; he call'd to a French officer which stood near him, with many of his men, and begged he would be so good as to protect them from being barbarously murdered in cool blood by these barbarians. (For there were several parties still scouting round the field, stripping the dead, and murdering, mangling, and scalping the wounded, according to their usual custom.) The officer very generously protected them, and ordered them to a place of safety; and to preserve them from being butcher'd by the savages in the French army, (who with the greatest indignation and cruel wrath, vow'd revenge for their brothers;) he next day sent them under a proper guard into Quebec. A noble instance of French politeness ! and hostile generosity !

Had

Had Richlieu been like him, politely brave !
Orphans at Zell, had escap'd a flaming grave !

Mean while, our troops, back to the fort retir'd,
'Gainst which the foe, (with hard earn'd conquest
fir'd,

Indians, Canadians, and the well train'd Gauls,) }
With vain attempt, ply'd usefess bombs, and balls; }
Murray commanded there ! and Britons mann'd }
the walls ! }

English, and French, engag'd with mutual hate;
And guns, and mortars, belch'd alternate fate :
With hardy troops, Quebec was amply stor'd :
And on the ramparts, six score cannon roar'd !
All stand the test, like links, in one great chain,
Ward off the threaten'd fate, and well the siege
sustain !

Now Swanton, Schomberg, Dean, approach'd the
walls ;

Brought Murray joy ! but terrors to the Gauls !

Ready

Ready for war, with wonted naval glow,

And great vivacity, they fought the foe.

With English speed, above the town they glide ;
 Their souls anticipate the rapid tide !
 And fascination flies from each portending side ! }

When Britain's flag beyond the walls appear'd,

With panic struck, the daftard Frenchmen fear'd,

Like wax their hearts became, or melting snow,

And shipwreck chose, rather than fight the foe.

Brave Swanton, Schomberg, Dean, each active
 tar,

Roll'd on atern, in gloomy thund'ring war !

In pistol shot, next board and board, they came ;

And hurl'd Great Britain's fierce destructive flame !

A quadrate ruin, 'gainst the Gauls conspires ;

Rocks, water, tars, and black sulphureous fire !

Eager for fight, to grapple with the foe !

Resolv'd to strike, a home, deciding blow ;

The gallant Dean, absorpt in warlike flame !
 To shipwreck steer'd, and gain'd a lasting fame.

As if the French, were act'd by one soul,
 Or sympathetic fate had rul'd the whole ;
 The troops on shore, (o'erwhelm'd with mighty
 dread,)

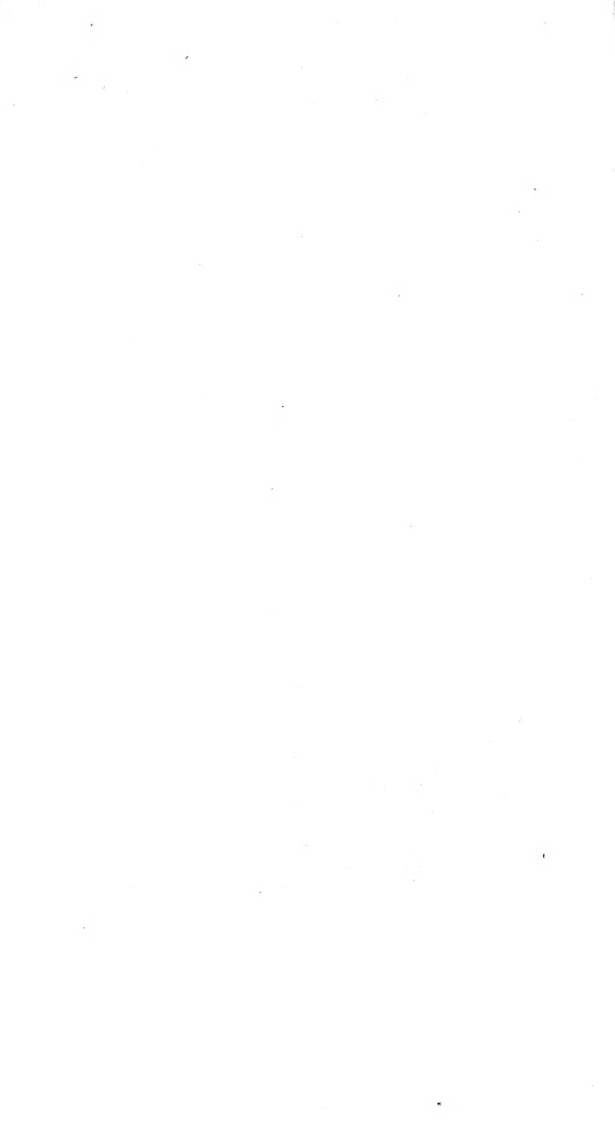
In silent terror, from their trenches fled !
 Precipitate, retr'd their former path ;
 At Jacques, shelter'd from the British wrath !
 Field pieces, mortars, powder, shells, and shot ;
 Provision, baggage, tools, were all forgot !
 Murray with unexpected joy, survey'd
 The camp, with Gallic wealth profusely spread !
 And heaps, on heaps, (tenfold,) his former loss
 repaid * !

* When first General Murray march'd out with his troops, to meet and oppose the French, marching towards Quebec ; in his retreat he left several field pieces behind. But now he found in the enemy's abandon'd camp, so many field, or battering pieces, so much baggage, provision, ammunition, &c. of every sort, as wou'd make almost a tenfold retribution.

Such was their speed ! such their internal fear !
 That Murray cou'd not overtake the rear !
 A savage nation, (to our rage expos'd,)
 In friendly league, with conq'ring Britain clos'd *.

* Whoever reads the extra Gazette, which contains the letter from General Murray, (governor of Quebec,) to Mr. Secretary Pitt, concerning the French siege of Quebec and raising the siege ; with the battle between his and their troops ; will I believe, on the perusal find, that the encomiums which General Murray was generously pleased to give, to the brave and indefatigable Mr. Burton, Frazer, Dalling, Ince, and Macdonald ; and to the bold and active Commodore Swanton, and the Captains, Schomberg and Dean, and to all the troops and tars in general : I say I believe they will find what he there says, to agree with what I have said in my poem of the same. And that the disposition for the battle, was as I have said, under the same leaders, whom he expressly says headed the different corps, or battalions, (if I may so call them ;) for the regiments were greatly thinn'd. And they will find in his letter, that such events happen'd, such attacks, and such repulses, and every other incident, as I have mention'd ; except that of the Irish serjeant of Bragg's, and the English volunteer, left wounded on the field of battle ; which was in the news, and said to be by letters from America.







BRITANNIA's CALL

TO HER

Brave TROOPS and hardy TARS.

I.



BRITANNIA's sons, Hibernia's youth,

And Scotia's hardy, martial race!

Rise! fight! defend the cause of truth!

And wipe from me all foul disgrace!

With ardent eyes,

Britannia cries,

United rise!

And Frenchmen to destruction chace!

II.

See, from the coast of threat'ning France,

With mischief fraught, and ill designs,

Her gath'ring troops prepare t' advance,

And threat with battle my confines!

L

Insulting

Insulting foes,

Resolv'd oppose,

Deal mortal blows !

See, see, aloft, my standard shines.

III.

My freeborn sons, (with native rage,)

Arise, and hear your mother's call ;

Invading foes, prepare t' engage :

Defend me now, or else I fall :

Your all's at stake,

To arms betake,

Strong efforts make,

And sweep to death, the troops of Gaul !

IV.

Rouze ! rouze ! refulgent, shine in arms !

Hark ! cannons roar, drums, trumpets, sound !

Rush on, all clad, in war's alarms !

And dauntless, tread, on Gallic ground !

Against the Gauls,

And their strong walls,

Ply bombs and balls,

Fling veng'ance, flame, and ruin round !

V.

Britannia thus, bespoke her sons,
 With ardour, ev'ry bosom boil'd,
 They lin'd her shores, with troops, and guns,
 And France, affrighted, back recoil'd:
 With stern delight,
 They all unite,
 And with the fight;
 But Ferdinand had Lewis foil'd!

VI.

A grand exulting joy appear'd,
 With martial smiles, on England's shore,
 To see Great Britain's standard rear'd,
 And hear her naval lions roar;
 Her fleets France found,
 Were gath'ring round,
 A dreadful bound!
 Britannia, heard her threats no more.

VII.

Brunswick with mighty joy survey'd,
 Domestick troops begird his throne ;
 Safety her golden wings display'd.
 And all our former fears were flown :
 Our forces good,
 Resolved stood,
 To spill their blood,
 Sooner than Frenchmen conq'rors own.



Britain's Arms victorious ; or, France
 humbled.

I.

TO insults long, from France inur'd,
 Britannia rous'd, and dreadful frown'd !
 Her navy mann'd, her coasts secur'd,
 And fear did ev'ry foe confound !
 Great Heav'n thought fit,
 The patriot Pitt,
 At helm shou'd fit,
 And point her flaming veng'ance round.

Her

II.

Her daring troops, Britannia scan'd,
Which faithful stood, to guard her shore;
Well pleas'd, she saw her navy mann'd;
And heard 'em loud defiance roar :
Aloud she cries,
France still defies,
Rise warriors, rise !
And drown all Gaul in Gallic gore !

III.

My naval sons, against the Gauls,
Launch forth, and with a stern disdain,
Transport my thunders, to their walls,
And roll my terrors o'er the main ;
Great George defend,
Fiercely contend,
Make Gallia bend,
Restrain the frog, and check proud Spain.

IV.

No longer let proud Gallia boast;
But now equipt, and rous'd to arms;
Return the war along their coast,
Whilst ardour ev'ry bosom warms !
Their hearts all fail,
Cold fears prevail,
Now, now, set fail !
And fill all France with dread alarms !

V.

'Tho' Lewis threats with naval force ;
To view displays his warlike stores !
'Tho' gath'ring troops, of foot, and horse,
Range dreadful, on the hostile shores !
They ardour lack !
Their threats fling back !
Their coasts attack !
'Tis thus, Britannia you implores !

VI.

To battle quick, her armies rush'd,
 The terror of her arms display,
 With conquest oft, the troops were flush'd,
 Her fleets launch'd forth, and swept the sea!
 They ev'ry where,
 Stern veng'ance bear,
 Spread death, and fear,
 And Gallia felt a dread dismay!

VII.

Thus whilst our fleets sweep o'er the main,
 And troops domestic guard the shore,
 Tho' France unite with haughty Spain,
 And Holland too, we'll fear no more;
 Their pow'rs we'll meet,
 And roughly greet,
 Whilst Britain's fleet,
 In flaming death, shall loudly roar!



On Monsieur THUROT's descent and defeat.

I.

YE Britons! attend, you shall hear how Thurot,
(He led, only Frenchmen, intirely forgot,)
Tyger like, for awhile, kill'd, ravag'd, and then,
Victoriously thought to have flunk to his den!

Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

With three, or four ships, Monsieur Thurot made
boast,
He'd make a descent on Hibernia's coast:
Next thought to retreat, with his men, and his prey,
As well he might 'scape from fierce lions away!

Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

For Æolus*, blew a strong blast in his face!
Flung his sails all aback†, retarded his pace!
With a brilliant‡ air, mix'd with fierce martial rage,
The Goddesses|| of war, she bore down to engage!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

The Frenchmen grew pale, when they saw the three
fail,
Their passage obstruct, as from Ireland they steal;
With vocal huzzas, to Belleisle's volunteers,
They play'd a rough concert of old English airs!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

V.

Of the symphony rude, the Gauls did complain,
And swore the whole tune, was a dissonant strain!
Their loud shouts victorious! their triumphs were
drown'd!
By deep noted bass, of our cannons around!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

* The ship Æolus, and Æolus, is God of the winds.

† Aback, is a sea term.

‡ The ship Brilliant.

|| The ship Pallas, Goddess of war.

VI.

The sport rougher grew ! and the Frenchmen grew
sick !

Death flew fore and aft, as the bullets flew thick !
Their great hero Thurot, fell wounded, and dead !
Soon after they struck, in a cold pannic dread !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

VII.

Monfieurs ! take advice, put an end to these wars,
You cannot engage with our troops, and brave tars !
Nor dare near the den of the lion to roam !
Brave Hawke scours the seas ! and great Pitt is at
home !

Derry down, down, down derry down.



~~~~~

On the heroic Taylors, belonging to  
Elliot's light horse, who fought so  
bravely in Germany.

I.

WHEN Granby the brave! (a disciple of  
Mars!)

Rush'd forth from Great Britain, to Germanic wars!  
(To fight the foe rang'd, or to force the strong  
trench,)

And help Ferdinand 'gainst the swaggering French!  
*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

II.

The Taylors, regardless, of death, wounds, and fears!  
Resolv'd to leave stitching, and live by the wars!  
With a patriot zeal, they deserted their boards!  
Bestrode the war horses, and brandish'd their swords!  
*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

III.

The news throughout England, no sooner was  
known,

What great emulation the Taylors had shown !  
But they lifted in scores, 'gainst Britannia's foes !  
And Elliot's light horse, was the cohort they chose !  
*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

IV.

Behold they set sail, from their own native land,  
And meet a good welcome from brave Ferdinand ;  
Who led 'em straightway, where the foe rang'd in  
view,

They kindled with ardour ! and resolute grew !  
*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

V.

They loaded, and prim'd, and ramm'd home their  
balls ;  
Set spurs, and full gallop, they drove on the Gauls !

Face to face they discharg'd, unsheath'd to engage!  
And hew'd thro' the French with Achillean \* rage!

*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

VI.

Gallant Erskine, the bold! he headed this band!  
Who follow'd like death! at the warrior's command.

The French turn'd their backs, broke, scatter'd,  
and fled!

The Taylors rush'd on, over mountains of dead!

*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

VII.

Poor Lewis, must surely be in a sad plight!  
When his swagging heroes, our Taylors can't  
fight!

If before them o'erpow'r'd, in panic they flee!  
How dreadful! must Great Britain's heroes all be!

*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

\* In the battle, after the death of Patroclus, Achilles gave no quarter; and even destroy'd the twelve prisoners he took in fight, as a sacrifice to the manes of his dear Patroclus! and as the Taylors made such slaughter, and gave no quarter! they might be said to hew thro' the ranks with Achillean rage!

## VIII.

In a different sense, th' old proverb \* we'll take,  
 Nine foldiers of Gaul, scarce a light horseman make:  
 With feminine tremor! the French are all smitten!  
 For nine, dare not face a brave stich † of Great  
 Britain!

*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

\* The proverb is, nine Taylors make a man, by way of  
 slur on them; but now I have inverted it, and said, nine  
 Frenchmen dare not fight an English Taylor.

† Stich is a cant word us'd for a Taylor.

*F I N I S.*

## E R R A T A.

Page 14, 2d line, read unparalel'd.

Page 43, 3d line, read Prudent, in British flame most  
 fiercely glow'd; for since I wrote the poem, I am inform'd it  
 was Mr. Pitt that they burnt that night, and not P'Entreprenant.

In the reference of page 46, concerning Nestor's advice,  
 read glory of the deed.















